The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. William Strang has just finished thirty very clever etchings illustrating scenes from the writings of Rudyard Kipling. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. propose to issue a folio volume limited to 100 copies, which will be sold for five guineas each net.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" will not be published in book form until October. We understand that the first English edition of the book will consist of not less than 50,000 copies, and that the first American edition will be of between 50 and 100 thousand copies.

Mr. Oliver Onions, the author of that very delightful little book entitled "The Compleat Bachelor," is now hard at work on the manuscript of a new novel which he hopes to have ready for publication in the spring of next year.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. are now in possession of the whole of the manuscript of Mrs. Harrison's new novel, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," and the book is fast going through the press. It will be published simultaneously here, in America, in the Colonies, and on the Continent, early in September.

Mr. Guy Boothby has recently been turning his attention to the writing of plays, and has now completed two, "The Jonquil" and "The Rickshaw." The first will probably be produced in America in the autumn of this year, and the second in the early autumn in the provinces and London suburban theatres. We understand that Mr. Boothby had several plays successfully produced in Australia before he came to this country, but that the above will be the first plays of his to be produced here.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are going to bring out a limited Edition de Luxe in nineteen volumes of the "Life and Works of Charles Kingsley." The books will be printed and bound in a similar manner to the Editions de Luxe of Lamb, Pater, Tennyson, and Kipling, issued by the same firm. There will be a steel portrait of Kingsley by C. H. Jeans, a bust by Woolner and a photogravure portrait. The life will be reprinted from the original unabridged edition. The issue is limited to 500 copies, 100 of which have been taken for America.

We understand that Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel is to be published serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

Mr. Matt. B. Hewerdine has just finished illustrating a quarto edition of Charles Reade's popular novel, "The Cloister and the Hearth." It may be remembered that part of this work, which originally appeared under the title of "Good Fight" in *Once a Week*, was illustrated by Charles Keene. The new illustrated edition about to be issued will be handsomely bound and will contain 100 black and white illustrations and twenty photogravures.

The admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be pleased to hear that Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in the press a fine paper edition of "Men and Books," which will make a handy little volume, uniform in size and get up with the successful issue by the same firm of Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth."

Two very interesting autobiographies that Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press are those of Harry Furniss, caricaturist, artist, journalist, and entertainer, and Albert Chevalier. Mr. Furniss' book will be in two super royal octavo volumes, and will contain over 300 illustrations, many of them specially made for the work. The other is entitled "Before I Forget," and is described as the Autobiography of a Chevalier d'Industrie.

We are able to state on good authority that the condition of Mr. Gissing's health is not by any means so serious as the reports would lead one to suppose. The rapid improvement which has taken place during the last three weeks has dispelled all anxiety, and although change has been thought advisable, Mr. Gissing hopes not to break off his work entirely. The novel which he at present has in hand breaks entirely new ground, dealing, as it does, with Rome in the early days of Christianity. Place and period have been for years a favourite study with Mr. Gissing, and the result will be awaited with interest.

Mr. Percy White is a shrewd observer of modern social movements, and in the new novel at which he is now working, we shall get a picture of the odd religious movement which is now spreading like an epidemic in fashionable society.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who had intended to publish Sir Walter Besant's new novel, "The Lady of Lynn," in the autumn, have decided, on account of the number of enquiries that have been made, to publish the work on July 4th. "The Lady of Lynn" is a historical novel written after the style of the author's previous successful book, "The Orange Girl." At the time of Sir Walter's death, Messrs. Chatto and Windus had arranged for two more works of fiction; one they find has been completed. It deals with the life in the woman's side of a debtors' prison. The same firm will publish, on July 4th, Zola's "Honour of the Army." This work contains many sketches originally published by Mr. Vizetelly, and also several new translations of pieces hitherto unpublished in this country. Messrs. Chatto and Windus also intend bringing out the same author's "Joy of Life" in the autumn.

MR. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR.
From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Marion Crawford, who has been spending a short holiday in London, has finished a story of Venetian life, which will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in the autumn. It is many years since Mr. Crawford last visited London.

Mr. Grant Richards has secured the British rights of Irving Bacheller's new novel entitled "Dri and I." It will be remembered that Mr. Bacheller is the author of "Eben Holden," a book of which nearly half a million copies were sold in this country and the United States. Mr. Grant Richards has also arranged to publish a novel of American financial life, entitled "The Kidnapped Millionaires," by a leading American journalist.

Mr. Walter Copland Perry has, it appears, adapted "Homer's Odyssey" in order to make it interesting to children, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who will publish it in the autumn, have had it profusely illustrated by Mr. Jacomb Hood.

The Life of Miss Charlotte Yonge, which Miss Christabel Coleridge is engaged upon, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will probably publish in the spring of next year.

Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, the author of "China and her Allies," whose portrait, reproduced on this page, has been specially taken for THE BOOKMAN, originally studied as a civil engineer. He then took up art, principally as a portrait painter. Among those who sat for him were, Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, Princess Louise Aribert of Anhalt, President Harrison, Sir Edwin Arnold, and many other celebrities. Some of his early pictures are now in the possession of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and Prince George of Greece. Mr. Landor is a very rapid worker, and made quite a sensation last year in New York by painting the portrait of Madam Sada Yacco, the celebrated Japanese actress, in one day.

Mr. Landor possesses a strong constitution, and neither drinks nor smokes. In winter and summer, and in the tropics or Arctic regions, he is to be seen garbed in the thinnest clothing, such as is worn in the hottest days in the tropics. He does not feel the cold nor mind the heat. He holds the world's record in mountaineering, having beaten all the previous records by no less than 500 feet. The altitude he reached being 23,490 feet. Besides being an artist, traveller, explorer, and author, he owns an extensive farm in Italy, in which he takes great interest, and there he makes oil and wine, and raises cattle. Mr. Landor has two more books in course of preparation.

Mr. Henry James is engaged on a new novel, entitled "The Ambassadors," which is to be published serially in *Harper's Magazine* before it is issued from the same house in book form.

Mr. H. G. Wells is completing a novel, which he calls "The Sea Lady." It has many points of resemblance to "The Wonderful Visit," but it is somewhat lighter than that, and will revive the memory of Peacock in those who know that novelist's work. The novel will appear serially in *Pearson's Magazine*.

Miss Nellie K. Blissett has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel, to which she has given the title, "The Loba." The scene of the story is laid in and about Carcassonne in the eleventh or twelfth century. It will be published in book form in this country and simultaneously in America in the early autumn.

Mrs. J. C. Woods, who writes under the name of Daniel Woodroffe, and whose successful novel, "Tangled Trinities," has recently been published by

From Photo by [*Siedle Bros., Swansea.*

MRS. J. C. WOODS ("DANIEL WOODROFFE"), Author of "Tangled Trinities."

Mr. Heinemann, was born in India, and spent her childhood in Malta and Gibraltar. Her first literary work consisted of satires on various Society subjects which appeared as "turnovers" in the *Globe*. Her first story was entitled "The Tiger's Skin Cloak," and was offered to the *Cornhill Magazine*. The late Mr. James Payn, who was then the editor, did not accept it, but with his usual kindness gave the writer an introduction to Baron Tauchnitz, who published it in his magazine. Her next venture was "Her Celestial Husband," published by Mr. Unwin in 1895. The book was founded on events that had come within the writer's own observation, and set forth the tragedy of the life of an English girl married to a Chinaman and living with him in Hankow. Some of the reviewers pointed out that the facts narrated were an impossibility, but, as we have just mentioned, the book was written from actual experience, and with the object of keeping English girls from marrying Chinese men. This novel was very successful, and, we believe, has had the desired effect. Soon after the publication of "Her Celestial Husband," the author married Mr. J. C. Woods, who was himself a poet, and who encouraged his wife's literary tastes. "Tangled Trinities," after the idea was once thought out, was finished in about six months.

We hear that Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes Co., of New York, are about to print a new edition of Mr. A. W. Marchmont's "In the Name of a Woman," making 20,000 copies in all. Apart from the above, Messrs. Longmans are, we note, advertising the sixth thousand of the English edition of the book.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens is now completing the manuscript of a new novel to which she has given the title, "A Strait Place." It will be published in the first instance serially, and later on in the usual book form at 6s.

Dr. Conan Doyle's new Sherlock Holmes story will not exceed 40,000 words. As at present arranged, it will be published serially both in this country and in America in the *Strand Magazine*. Messrs. McClure, the publishers of the American edition of Dr. Doyle's "The Green Flag" and "The Great Boer War," are to be the American publishers of the new story.

Amongst the noteworthy novels which will appear between now and the end of the year are: Sir Walter Besant's "The Lady of Lynn," Mr. Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," Mr. S. R. Crockett's "The Firebrand," Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Secret Orchard," Mr. R. W. Chambers' "Cardigan," Mrs. Craigie's "The Serious Wooing," Miss Edith Fowler's "The World and Winstow," Mr. Tom Gallon's "Rickerby's Folly," Mrs. Harrison's ("Lucas Malet") "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent," Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim," Mr. Neil Munro's "The Shoes of Fortune," Mr. Frankfort Moore's "A Nest of Linnets," Mr. Max Pemberton's "The Giant's Gate," Mr. Stanley Weyman's "Count Hannibal," Mr. Levett-Yeats' "The Traitor's Way," Miss Florence Warden's "A Fight to the Finish," and Mr. Christie Murray's "His Own Ghost."

MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

From a photograph specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *by Elliott & Fry.*

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying new portrait of Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney, whose novel "The Third Floor," is among the brightest and most readable of recent fiction.

We hear that Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent" will be published by Mr. John Murray early in August.

Mr. Max Pemberton hopes to complete the manuscript of the new serial which he is now writing for publication in the *Strand Magazine* by the end of July, when he will take a long holiday before commencing to work on the serial which he has agreed to write for another of the popular monthlies.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are about to publish the first volume of an interesting work by Professor Dyer and Mr. Arthur Hassall, entitled "A History of Modern Europe." The other five volumes completing the work will be issued at short intervals.

The serial publication of Mr. W. L. Alden's "Drewitt's Dream" having been completed in *To-Day*, the story will be published in book form during the forthcoming autumn season. Messrs. Appleton and Co. are to publish it in America simultaneously with its issue in this country.

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 18TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1901.

A very brisk demand was experienced during the earlier part of the month, but a tendency to slacken ensued, and during the latter portion the sales have not been so well maintained. There has, however, been little cause for complaint, and, taking into consideration the period of the year, a fair amount of business has been transacted.

Fiction has fluctuated somewhat, and the output of 6s. novels has been more limited, but the demand for the already popular works has at times been very brisk.

With the death of Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan came a slightly increased sale in several of their best-known works, more especially in the case of the former author, but in neither case has the demand been very large.

Mr. McCarthy's "Five Years in Ireland" still continues to be in constant request; and the interest in "Five Years of My Life," by Captain Dreyfus, appears in no way to have diminished.

There have been several interesting and well-illustrated books in connection with gardening placed upon the market, but undoubtedly the most successful has been "Gardening for Beginners," by E. T. Cook.

With the more settled warm weather the demand for Guide Books, both for foreign and home resorts, has materially quickened, and Baddeley's and Baedeker's series have sold freely.

Epistolary literature has continued to maintain a very considerable amount of popularity. "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," "Another Englishwoman's Love-Letters," "The Visits of Elizabeth," and "The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth" have all circulated extensively.

The beautifully-produced "Record of the Reign of Queen Victoria," issued by the *Illustrated London News* Office, has attained to a great success; and the "V.R.I." Life, by the Marquis of Lorne, has sold as freely as ever.

A considerable amount of trade has been effected in the sixpenny reprints, and from the large orders received, in this line, from the Colonies, they would appear to enjoy as much popularity abroad as at home.

There is usually little change in the sales of the magazines at this period of the year, and although there is such an amount of keen competition and the competitors are so numerous, the older favourites continue to maintain their own.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
Casting of Nets. By Richard Bagot. 6s. (E. Arnold.)
Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
The Cardinal's Snuff Box. By H. Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
Her Majesty's Minister. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Understudies. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper.)
White Cottage. By Zack. 6s. (Constable.)
An Englishwoman's Love Letters. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Another Englishwoman's Love Letters. By Barry Pain. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
The Visits of Elizabeth. By E. Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
Rosa Amorosa. By G. Egerton. 6s. (Richards.)
The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)
Five Years of my Life. By Alfred Dreyfus. 6s. (Newnes.)
The Body of Christ. By Canon Gore. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Life of the Bee. By Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)
These from the Land of Sinim. By Sir R. Hart. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Our Country's Shells. By A. J. Gordon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
Baddeley's and Baedeker's Guides.
Record of the Reign of Queen Victoria. 5s. net. (*Illustrated London News*), and many illustrated periodicals and sixpenny reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 25—Trade brisk in all departments.
June 1—Rather quieter in Home departments. Continental still good.
,, 8—Still somewhat quiet, but steady sales.
,, 15—Somewhat slack both in Home and Export.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1901.

The month under review must be held as the very quietest experienced this year. No book, with the exception perhaps of "Doom Castle," by Neil Munro, had any large sale, and even the sixpenny editions of standard works were less popular than formerly, although the appearance of new volumes showed no diminution.

The Scottish tourist season had hardly begun; and, therefore, the numerous guide books, souvenirs of romantic districts, and maps moved rather slowly.

In this connection may be noted such books as "Tony's Highland Tour" (by J. A. Hammerton), a cheap edition of "Thistledown," a book of Scottish humour, character, story, and anecdote, and a new issue of Colquhoun's "Moor and Loch," as examples of the literature readily taken by the trade. "Mr. Punch's Holiday Book" appeared opportunely, and sold rapidly.

On account of the approaching closing of the educational establishments for the session, the usual demand for gift and

prize books formed a feature of the trade done. Many publishing houses, making this a speciality in cut lines, were successful in obtaining good orders.

In addition to Neil Munro's book, already mentioned in this report, the following 6s. novels formed a considerable part of the month's business:—"A Crafty Foe," by Hume Nisbet; "The Crisis," by W. Churchill; "Maid of Maiden Lane," by Amelia E. Barr; "Our Friend the Charlatan," by George Gissing; "Second Dandy Chater," by Tom Gallon; "Bitter Fruit," by Mrs. Cameron; "Lysbeth," by Rider Haggard; "Sirius," by Miss Fowler; and the "Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett. Good orders were taken for Hall Caine's forthcoming new novel, "The Eternal City," the withdrawal of the story from the *Lady's Magazine* leading to increased interest in the work.

Zola's "Work" and Max O'Rell's "Her Royal Highness Woman" were the most successful books at 3s. 6d.; and the requests for "Five Years of My Life," by A. Dreyfus, continued considerable.

The most successful sixpenny editions were Maclaren's "Days of Auld Lang Syne," Hornung's "Amateur Cracksman," Nat Gould's "Running It Off"; "My Lady Nicotine," by J. M. Barrie; "The Medicine Lady," by L. T. Meade; and, owing to the unexpected deaths of Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan, "The Orange Girl" and "Father Anthony" were much in request.

A new issue of John Strange Winter's novels at threepence sold well.

Magazine sales were considerably improved, but the illustrated weekly papers continued to decrease in circulation.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

Doom Castle. By Neil Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)
A Crafty Foe. By Hume Nisbet. 6s. (White.)
Sirius, and Other Stories. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Silver Skull. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Five Years of my Life. By Alfred Dreyfus. 6s. net. (Newnes.)
Tony's Highland Tour. By J. A. Hammerton. 2s. 6d. (Marshall.)
Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)
Crisis. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Maid of Maiden Lane. By A. E. Barr. 6s. (Unwin.)
Our Friend the Charlatan. By G. Gissing. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
Second Dandy Chater. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Lysbeth. By Rider Haggard. 6s. (Longman.)
Her Royal Highness Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. Chatto.)
Work. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Her Majesty's Ministers. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder.)
Mystery of Clasped Hands. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (White.)
Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels, at 2s. (Macmillan.)
Ward and Lock's Novels, with Picture Covers, 2s.
Thistledown. 1s. net. (Gardiner.)
Cassell's Academy Pictures Pts. 1s.
Baddeley's, Black's, Baedeker's, and Ward Lock's Guides, at various prices; and Glasgow Exhibition Guides: various publishers.

NEW WRITER.

MRS. ANTROBUS.

MRS. ANTROBUS, the popular author of "Wildersmoor," "Quality Corner," and of some shorter stories, is by birth and descent an East Anglian, having been born in Lincolnshire, to which county (and the adjacent one of Cambridge) all her forefathers have belonged. In her infancy, however, her father, who was a doctor, left Lincolnshire for Cheshire, and settled there on the Lancashire border, in the town described in "Quality Corner" under the name of Ringway. Here, where the two counties met, she grew up among the kindly, strong-charactered people of that part of the north-west of England. It was an ideal home for an imaginative child; a place of legends, traditions, old houses, old cottages—in short, an old-world nook where ancient customs lingered; where, even, she once saw the Morrice-dancers. This was probably one of their last appearances in England, for she has never since been able to meet with them.

As a child, it is said that her two chief wishes were for flowers and books, and she had both in abundance. She did not often read "children's books," but what she used to

From Photo by [*W. Field, Putney.*
MRS. ANTROBUS.

call "real books." For instance, she learnt to read and to appreciate passages from Milton; indeed, her father had taught her part of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" before she could read at all.

Her writing days did not begin until she had left the North for London. "Wildersmoor," published in 1895, was her first novel, and "Quality Corner," published in the present year, her second. During the interval between the two she wrote many short stories, all of which found homes in the leading London magazines. When asked as to her method in writing, she said that she did not think that she had any; only, when a book or short tale is finished, she cuts it down remorselessly—generally to half its original length. Writing is a slow process with her. A novel takes her two years of hard work, or, say, rather, of hard thinking. Mrs. Antrobus has now been a widow for many years.

The Reader.

S. R. CROCKETT.

IF the newspapers announced that one of the denominations had invited Mr. Crockett to preach its anniversary sermon, thousands of his countrymen would feel a glow of pleasant surprise. His name is absent from the roll of the United Free Church ministry, but the chances and changes of his literary life cannot obscure the fame he has won as the rightful heir and true interpreter of the Covenanters from whose stock he has sprung. However far he may travel, he comes back at nightfall to the old Duchrae farmhouse, to the moorland over which the sun and rain are flying, to the heathery braes and the Black Water of Dee. The Men of the Moss Hags still people the haunts of his childhood, and his old companions, Richard Cameron, Samuel Rutherford, and Alexander Peden, have not yet quitted his society and gone on before. Generation after generation of Cameronian ancestors links him with the heroes of the Covenant. Woodrow's "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland" was one of his childhood's dearest books. The persecutors threw their shadow over his spirit; the fierce Middleton and the dissolute Rothes and the crafty Lauderdale; Dalyell, Earlshall, and the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, were as real to him as to Steenie Piper, who saw them at their wild revelry in the underworld. He would hide himself amongst the hills as a hunted Covenanter, listening with a tremulously mingled joy and fear to the crackling of leaves under the imagined horse-hoofs of Claverhouse.

From Photo by S. R. CROCKETT. [*Russell & Sons.*

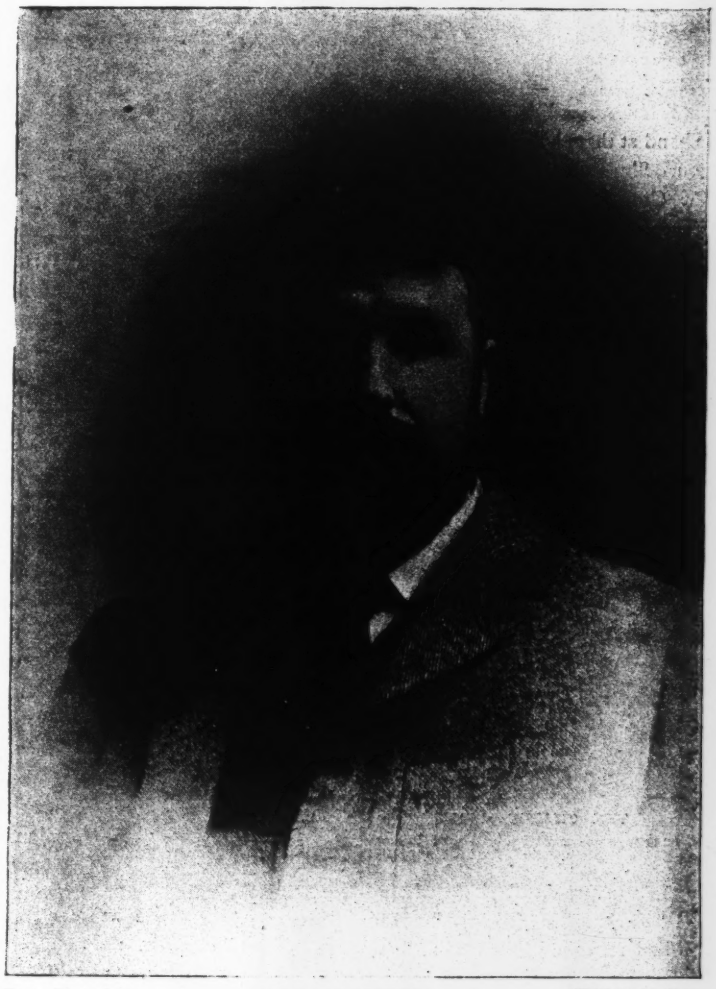
The Galloway fastnesses are still amongst the least known districts of Scotland. The splendid scenery of Buchan's Dungeon, with the three silver lochs and the many burns winding through mosses and perilous sands, lies within a tract of twenty-five miles, where roads are still impossible. Even in broad daylight the tourist must venture cautiously among the links of the Cooran, "as it saunters its way through the silver flow of Buchan." As a boy, Mr. Crockett penetrated into the heart of this strange country, scrambling among trees and climbing boulders, till he leaned over the edge of the Wolf's Slock, the wide throat up which many marauding expeditions had come and gone. He dedicated to Dr. Alexander Whyte the story of the Raiders, a romance of the "hills of my Homeland, ancient, unforgotten, well-beloved."

The straitest sect of the Reformed Church was that in which the novelist was reared. Yabel McQuhirr, the fierce, hard man who ruled his household with a rod of iron, had his counterpart in many a stern Cameronian of the Galloway Uplands. The religious teachers of Mr. Crockett's childhood were men like Faithful, who passed by the Palace Beautiful, and refused to pause for a companion because the avenger of blood was behind him. Harry Wedderburn, sometimes called Strength-o'-Airm, preserves for us, however, more of the true characteristics of the noble old grandfather in whose home he was brought up. That grandfather was conscious of no literary faculty, but he had in him the spirit of the men who fought at Loudon Hill and Bothwell Brig, and his talk befitted one who had passed through great wars, and who now, in the valley of peace and a restored Israel, waited the consummation of all things. Dare we not conclude that the tale of the Little Fair Man, which Harry Wedderburn wrote down to pass the time till he too should cast his anchor within the veil, was handed down from father to son in the Duchrae farmhouse? Never by word or suggestion would the old man permit the boy to imagine that the Cameronians were not a great and powerful religious body, with their missions spread over the world. Mr. Crockett was sixteen when this venerable denomination cast in its lot with the Free Church of Scotland. He had gone to Edinburgh University as the winner of the first Galloway bursary, and from the students' seats heard Dr. Goold make the stately oration which closed the separate history of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Amidst the mass of early journalistic writing from Mr. Crockett's pen which is buried in the files of the *Christian Leader*, the

S. R. CROCKETT.

From a photograph by Messrs. Ellsott & Fry.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill, S.W
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

curious may recognise the eloquent tribute to his Edinburgh minister. His best homage to the Church of his boyhood is in "The Men of the Moss Hags." There we trace to its source the moorland streamlet, whose well-head is far among the mountains. We should look in vain through Scottish fiction for a chapter just like "The Last Charge at Ayrsmoss," where "the swords flickered like lightning-flashes and the lightnings darted like sword-blades." Richard Cameron fought till all the men were down that followed him and his brother Michael lay dying at his feet, then, unwounded, unhurt, yet fighting to the last, he sprang upon a hundred sword-points. The pages which describe how the Lion of the Covenant snatched his final victory from defeat, must live in that imperishable history, which our great Scottish novelists have bequeathed to their people. They help us to realise the power as a preacher, which made Mr. Crockett a welcome guest in the first pulpits of Edinburgh.



From Photo by] S. R. CROCKETT. *[Elliott & Fry.*

In "Kit Kennedy" he has told the story of his school and college life. Whinnyliggate is the village of Lauriston, three miles from the Duchrae farm, with the long street whose white houses gave the child a friendly welcome after his solitary walk to school. The hero of his boyhood was his cousin, Mr. Robert Crockett of Drumbeck, whose character, though not the incidents of his life, suggested "The Stickit Minister." They resembled each other in their love of the best poetry. When the Stickit Minister is dying, his physician, Dr. McQuhirr, brings a volume of Tennyson to the Dullarg, knowing that he will be pleased with it. This is a reminiscence of the time when the farmer-ploughman, Robert Crockett, took a little boy into the field at the beginning of the day's work, and made him read or recite the grandest passages from Milton or Shakespeare. The Stickit Minister opens the thin, green volume "as a woman unfolds a new and costly garment, with a lingering caress of the wasted finger-tips through which I could almost see the white of the paper, and a slow, soft intake of the breath, like a lover's sigh." It was the cousin of Drumbeck who had a way of reading anything he loved as if listening only to the cadences, "with a little half-turn of the head aside, and a still contented smile hovering about the lips, like one who catches the first returning fall of beloved footsteps."

The Stickit Minister lodged, when a divinity student, in St. Leonard's Street, Edinburgh, and it was in this dreary, though romantic, quarter of the town that Kit Kennedy took up his abode. At the time of publication this novel was described as Mr. Crockett's "David Copperfield," but it is only the Edinburgh portions which are really autobiographical. Contemporaries at the New College will recognise Professor Simeon Galbraith, who directed the class in New Testament exegesis, and on whom roguish pranks were played by Gibby the Eel, while the great word, "Hermeneutics," rolling above the heads of the class, sent them gradually into a blissful Nirvana. The "Rob Grier" of "Kit Kennedy" was Mr. Robert Blair, Mr. Crockett's most intimate friend at the University, and we shall not presume too far in supposing that Mr. Gilbert Denholm was a close—a very close—companion in the Divinity Hall.

How fortunate Kit Kennedy would have thought himself if Mr. Andrew Carnegie's generous gift had been available in his boyhood! We can imagine the letter to the trustees, signed by Dr. Kay, the Cameronian minister at Castle Douglas, and by his excellent schoolmaster, Mr. John Cowper. The help would have smoothed the way in countless respects for the Galloway lad. No need then to supplement his little bursary by the grinding toil of teaching, or to burn the midnight candle over journalistic work for the *Daily Review*. Mr. Crockett has told that even with this assistance he had a struggle to pay his fees, and that his food consisted of porridge, with often nothing more than a penny roll and glass of milk for dinner—poor fare for a growing lad whose stature was already over six feet. The successful novelist looks back proudly to the honest independence of his University career, but his friends must think with a sigh that even his magnificent constitution may have suffered in

ways which later life revealed. The period of travel in Germany, Russia, and Switzerland which intervened between the University and the New College, was of great benefit to his health. Through the kindness of Dr. Jowett of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor Bacon, he obtained a travelling tutorship, and from that time his financial difficulties gradually disappeared. From 1880 onwards he earned small sums regularly by journalism, and his *nom de plume* of Ford Berêton became known to a select circle. His rare poem, "Valete Fratres" (which sells now for about £8), and his better known book of verses, "Dulce Cor," appeared in 1886. The publication of this volume brought his first letter from Stevenson, who admired the "Transcript from the Song of Songs," and suggested that the author should versify other dramatic passages, from Isaiah and Job. He named especially the verses, "When the morning stars sang together," and "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest," adding that he had tried his hand at them himself, but "they were not so good as your Shulamite." "The Stickit Minister," which made Mr. Crockett's fame as a prose writer, was dedicated to Stevenson, and all the world now knows that it was a line in the ascription which inspired

BANK HOUSE: MR CROCKETT'S HOME AT PENICUIK.

THE CHALET, PENICUIK.

Mr. Crockett has a little chalet or cottage where all his books are produced. It is not far from Bank House and is a delightful literary den.

Stevenson's poem, "Blows the wind to-day." The whole book, as Stevenson said, is "drowned in Scotland." He told a friend that the idylls had refreshed him like a visit home, and he also found "Cleg Kelly," a waif of the Edinburgh Pleasaunce, "a delightful fellow." Mr. Crockett made Cleg Kelly's acquaintance during his connection with the Free Church students' mission in the Pleasaunce, where Professor Drummond also worked, and where Dr. Marcus Dods might sometimes be seen taking tea in state.

The correspondence with "R. L. S." continued till the great writer passed away, and Mr. Crockett has never been prevailed on to publish more than a fragment of it. In the most beautiful of his many beautiful prefaces, he recalls the generosity of his brother Scot, and of the letters he says, "It goes to my heart not to quote from them, for they are in some wise my poor patent of nobility. But perhaps with more wisdom, I keep them by me, to hearten myself withal when the days of darkness grow too many and too dark."

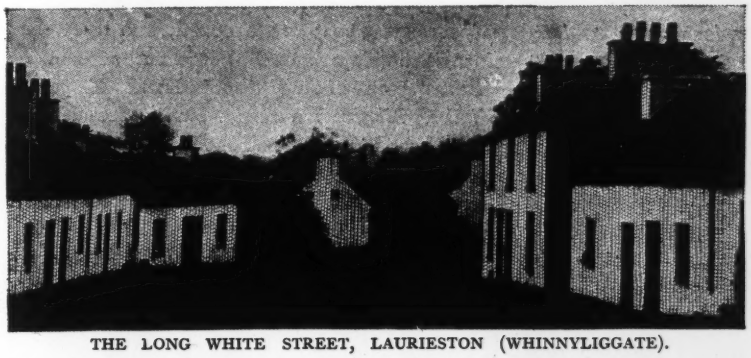
The loveableness of Mr. Crockett's personality, as well as of his books, has attracted some of the greatest men of his time. John Ruskin delighted in "The Raiders," and frequently invited the author to Coniston. Almost to the last year of his life he heard each new novel read aloud as it appeared. Whittier was one of Mr. Crockett's earliest correspondents. He had read a poem by the Edinburgh student in an American paper, and was much gratified by the founding of a Whittier Club in connection with Edinburgh University. During his ministry at Penicuik, Mr. Crockett was frequently the guest of Sir John Cowan at Beeslack, and has given a touching description of a talk he once had there with Mr. Gladstone on a Sunday evening. He writes of himself as an unknown young man, for whom it was an unspeakable privilege to be admitted to the society of the aged statesman, but the graceful modesty of the narrative does not prevent us from guessing that Mr. Gladstone may have felt an unusual interest in the country minister, who was already growing into eminence as a writer. Mr.

SUNNYSIDE, THE HOUSE WHERE "THE RAIDERS" WAS WRITTEN.

Gladstone had read "The Stickit Minister," and questioned Mr. Crockett closely on the conditions of clerical life in Scotland. He congratulated him on his settlement in the quiet rural charge of Penicuik, and said his own ideal would be to end his life in such a place, for circumstances, not his desire, had thrown him into politics. Mr. Crockett recalled his first sight of Pio Nono in the Vatican, and thought the veteran Premier was not unlike him. The young minister was questioned on the prospects of Disestablishment, on the church-going of the peasantry, on the prevalence of family worship. Mr. Crockett could not refrain from telling of the reverent affection with which the aged leader was regarded in the nooks and corners of the land, the personal devotion and loyalty of which a king might be proud. "I know, I know," said Mr. Gladstone; "I do not deserve it, but I never come to Scotland without the love of the common people coming to me like a song or a prayer."

THE DUCHRAE: BIRTHPLACE OF MR. CROCKETT.

Samuel Rutherford Crockett was born on September 24th, 1860, at Little Duchrae (Black Crag) in Galloway. The farm is about a mile from New Galloway Station, and nine miles from Castle Douglas, the nearest important town. The house is a low one-storied building, and formerly had a garden in front of it. Close by was a wild bit of moor, where, as a tiny child, Crockett loved to wander among the heather and boulders.



THE LONG WHITE STREET, LAURIESTON (WHINNYLIGGATE).

Mr. Crockett had a right to speak for his poorer fellow-countrymen, for no Scotsman has seen more deeply into the heart of the common people. Cottage dwellers by Eskside loved him as a man before they had ever heard of him as an author. The saddest event of his ministry was the Maurice-wood pit disaster, which brought desolation to many homes in the Pentlands. The minister of Penicuik was the first and most generous helper, and among the literary friends whose bounty flowed in upon the miner folk was Robert Louis Stevenson. The congregation at Penicuik have never ceased to regret their minister's retirement, but so long as his home is amongst them they will turn to him instinctively as a Christian guide and friend.

From 1890 onwards his pen has never been idle. At first he kept chiefly to religious periodicals and subjects, editing the *Workers' Monthly* for Messrs. Gall and Inglis, and contributing lesson notes and occasional papers to the *Sunday School*. His vigorous pen was at its best in describing Scripture characters, and we may be sure that the children brought up under his ministry must know the great personalities of the Bible as intimately as the real men and women around them. From 1890 to 1893 he was regularly engaged on the *Christian Leader*, writing some of its numbers almost entirely. To its late gifted editor, Mr. Wylie, he has often expressed gratitude. In ten years he has written over twenty volumes, and there is scarcely one which, coming from a new writer, would not have made a reputation. He gives the best hours of every day to his desk, and the best hours for him are the early morning from four to nine o'clock. When the Londoner begins to think of leaving his bed, Mr. Crockett has his bundle of copy ready, and is away for his forenoon on the golf links. He has never abandoned the open-air life of his childhood, and has not known that symptom in which the city-worn Matthew Arnold recognised the on-coming of middle age—"the foot less swift to meet the morning dew." The rosy freshness of a June morning lies on his pages, and he knows, too, the hour when the rose and gold are hidden, and the dawn hangs, pearl-grey and changeful, over Rathan sands. All the wild, uncertain hours, when townsfolk dread the "night-air," and like Charles Lamb, are troubled with "strange qualms" if they venture out, are dear and familiar to him. Who can forget

LAURIESTON VILLAGE.

At the age of five Mr. Crockett went to school in the village of Laurieston, the Whinnyliggate of his stories, walking three and a half miles to reach it.

his lovely moonlight-scenes, unsurpassed save in "Quentin Durward" and "The Merchant of Venice"? "It was ever my custom," says Patrick Heron, "to walk in the full of the moon at all times of the year. . . . This was now May, and the moon of May is the loveliest in all the year, for with its brightness comes the scent of flower-buds, and of young green leaves breaking from the quick and breathing earth."

Mr. Crockett's heroines, from May Mischief to Joan of the Sword Hand and Isabella of the Vardarelli, are brave and winsome maids, but it is no disparagement to say that his Scottish lasses are the sweetest in his portrait gallery. The foreign princesses are gay, adventurous, and right royal ladies, yet when we compare them with Maisie Lennox and Winsome Charteris and Nell Kennedy and May Maxwell, we think of David Balfour's words when Barbara Grant asked if she was not bonnier than Catriona, "I see the braw jewel—and I like fine to see it too—but I have more need of the pickle corn." Each of the earlier novels was an idyll of noble Scottish womanhood, and in the procession on Mr. Crockett's golden stair there are not only his fictitious heroines, but such heroic martyrs as Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson, who were drowned on the sands of Wigton Bay, and whose saintly memory he revived in the "Men of the Moss Hags."

"Which is the best of Mr. Crockett's novels?" is a question often asked by his innumerable admirers. The present writer, who has followed his work with enthusiasm from the beginning, gives the preference unhesitatingly to "The Grey Man." Although his writing has never in the least degree weakened or slackened, that great book stands alone in recent Scottish fiction. Every scene and character becomes a perpetual possession to its readers. The feud between the houses of Kennedy and Cassilis is like some old tragedy of Greece; and the leading figures, especially the wicked John Mure of Auchendrayne, have an epic grandeur.

Of the foreign novels, "Joan of the Sword Hand" is best; but when we recall certain scenes from "The Red Axe," "The Black Douglas," and "Little Anna Mark," we are amazed at the fertility of Mr. Crockett's invention. His North German story is a finer historical picture than German authors have themselves produced, and as a study of Teutonic mediæval customs is scarcely inferior to Gustav Freytag's series, "Die Ahnen." English readers, who have sometimes been a little puzzled by the Galloway dialect, a little impatient of the glossary, are grateful to Mr. Crockett, who has turned his continental holidays to such excellent account on their behalf. "Joan of the Sword Hand" appeared in the *Windsor Magazine* during a blazing summer two years ago, and was like a second holiday to weary folk whose vacation ended early. Travels in Southern Italy supplied material for that excellent novel, "The Silver Skull," and it will be strange indeed if Mr. Crockett's many months in Spain do not bear fruit in a better book than any we have mentioned. The homely humour of the countryside, as broadly natural as Shakespeare's, and preserved from all coarseness by the author's instinctive purity of thought and language, gives to the humblest of his person-

DRUMBECK, THE HOME OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER."

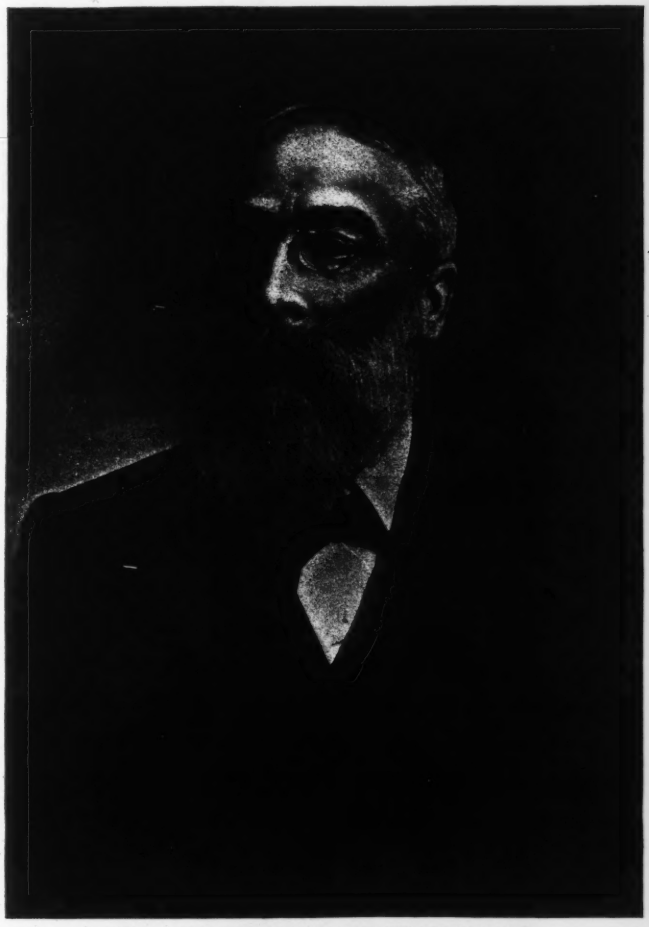
Crockett spent many holidays at Drumbeck, and made long excursions into the wilder parts of Galloway. There is a tract covering about twenty-five miles where roads are impossible, owing to the broken character of the ground. He learnt to know this strange district by heart.

ages a distinct individuality. It used to be said that the ancient Egyptians of Georg Ebers, although they lived 2,000 years before the Christian era, were modern Germans in all their ways and habits. So Boris and Jorian of Castle Kernsberg and many a ruffling servant man of French and Italian origin, are in all essential characteristics Galloway peasants, nor do we love them the less for that.

There is one early experience of which Mr. Crockett has made little use as yet—the six months he spent in London at the age of eighteen. It was a singular adventure for the country youth to leave Edinburgh University and support himself by journalism in the new world of the metropolis. His descriptions of Fleet Street characters are as racy as the tales of early travel in Nova Zembla and Siberia, into which he is sometimes inveigled at friendly firesides. Perhaps he may some day give us a London novel.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

THE obituaries of Sir Walter Besant, so far as we have read them, make very little of his literary work, and much of his public achievements. Indeed, it has been said that his books are already forgotten, but that he will be held in memory for what he did as the founder of the Authors' Society, as the originator of the People's Palace, and as a most earnest student of the history of London. Without disparaging any of these achievements we venture to think Sir Walter Besant's name will live just so long as his books live.



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER BESANT.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN *a few weeks before his death.*

The remarkable and almost unique feature of his literary career is the fact that for the first ten years of it, and these not the least successful years, he did his work in collaboration. When his autobiography is published we shall probably know the exact truth as to what Besant did and what Rice did in the series of novels which bear both their names. As it is, the fullest explanation accessible is that given in the preface to the Library Edition of "Ready Money Mortiboy," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus first published in 1887. MR. RICE was for a time proprietor of *Once a Week*, to which Besant sent an article describing his ascent of the highest peak in the Island of Réunion. This was printed with many blunders, and Besant went to the office. Rice and he became very friendly, and each wrote a novel which was rejected. They agreed to join in writing "Ready Money Mortiboy," the central figure and leading situation of which were due to Rice. This novel was followed by "My Little Girl" and "Harp and Crown," and "This Son of Vulcan," all now completely forgotten. But the real success was made in 1876, when Mr. Edmund Yates published in the *World* "The Golden Butterfly," and later on "The Monks of Thelema." The partnership from that time was successful and secure, but it was broken by Rice's death. Sir Walter Besant never told us the precise shares of each partner in each fiction, but they may have adopted the scheme of partnership which the "Antiquary" proposes to Lovel: "'Why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr. Lovel, only I was never able to write verses.' 'It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art.' 'Essential? Not a whit; it is the mere mechanical department. A man may be a poet without measuring dactyls and spondees like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stonemason. Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?' 'In that case, there should be two authors to each poem; one to think and plan, another to execute.'"

A point about Sir Walter Besant's work which has not been noticed is that though he wrote very little poetry, what he wrote was good. We recall at least one excellent piece published in "Uncle Jack," a song of the Unsuccessful Rover. A short quotation will show that the writer

was of the school of the much over-rated Adam Gordon, and could do at least as well as his master.

"The ship was outward bound, when we drank a health around,
(It was the year fifty-three or thereabout),
We were all for Melbourne Ho! where like peas the nuggets grow,
And my heart, though young and green, was also stout.

I was two-and-twenty then, and like many other men
Among that gallant company afloat,
I had played in the eleven and pulled five or six or seven,
In the 'Varsity, or else the College boat.

We were rusticated, plucked, in disgrace, and debt and chucked,
Out of patience with our friends—and unkind,
But all of us agreed, that a gentleman in need,
His fortune o'er the seas would surely find.

So we liquored up and laughed, day by day aboard that craft,
Till we parted at the port and went ashore;
And since, of that brave crew, I have come across a few,
And we liquor and we talk, but laugh no more."

But the main characteristic of his novels, one which may have helped them at the time, but may be fatal to their chances of life, is that they are all "impossible" stories. Wherever the scene is laid, whoever the personages may be, a kind of prosaic phantasy is almost always introduced. This is true to a certain extent even of the historical novels. It is true to the full extent of almost all the rest. The great novelist works with the possible. He may make an occasional excursion into the realm of the supernatural, but with Besant the possible was the ordinary. He could not make it other than ordinary. Even when he is describing the credible he keeps very little in touch with the facts of life. As a rule he is glad to get away from them into the land of familiar spirits and wishing caps and good enchanters and wicked stepmothers and bad fairies. The tendency asserted itself everywhere, even in the life of E. H. Palmer, a series of fascinating anecdotes so absurd that the late Robertson Smith declined to adduce the book as an authority of any kind for Palmer's life. The *Author*, under the most prosaic disguise of figures, was full of the impossible and the untrue, but if ever a man desired to tell the truth and tried to set forth the facts of life accurately, it was Sir Walter Besant. His prosaic phantasy was at once his making and his undoing.

From Photo by] [*Fradelle & Young.*

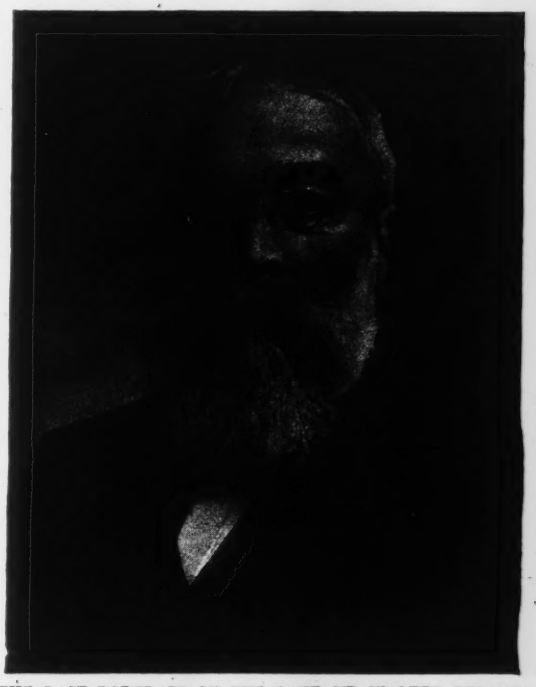
THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

From Photo by] SIR WALTER BESANT'S STUDY. [*Fradelle & Young.*

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

IF Robert Buchanan is to live at all, he will live as a poet, and the part of his poetry that will survive him will be his early attempts to spiritualise into poetry the thoughts and feelings of the humblest classes. In his own definition of his poetical aims, contained in an essay called "Tentatives," he says:

"Poetic art has been tacitly regarded like music and painting as an accomplishment for the refined, and it has suffered immeasurably as an art from its ridiculous fetters. It has dealt with life in a fragmentary form, and with the least earnest and least picturesque phases of life. Yet the intensity of being, for example, among those who daily face peril, who are never beyond want, who have constant presentiments of danger, who wallow in sin and trouble, ought to bring to the poet, as to the painter, as lofty an inspiration as may be gained from those living in comfort who make lamentation a luxury and invent futilities to mourn over. The world is full of these voices, and the poet has to set them into perfect speech. But this truth has been little understood and but partially acted upon. Our earliest English poets had some leanings towards the heroism of fate-stricken men, and Chaucer could dwell on the love of a hind with the same affection as upon the devotion of a knight. The old poet had a wholesome regard for merit unbiassed by accessories, but the broad light he wrote in has suffered a long eclipse."



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.
Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN *by S. J. Porter during Sir Walter Besant's visit to Ventnor in April of this year.*

When about 1865 Robert Buchanan published his "Undertones"—the second edition of which, by the way, contains a new poem called "The Siren"—he received the warmest welcome from the most fastidious critics of London. The *Athenæum* under Hepworth Dixon was not very hospitable to new authors, but it received Robert Buchanan with open arms, and the same is true of the *Spectator*. When, in 1866, he published "London Poems," the welcome was even warmer. In this book Buchanan did what he was best qualified to do. He had been in Mile End courts and in Westminster slums, he had known the struggles of poor girls and the griefs in costermongers' homes. Perhaps most of the poems might have had their scene laid in any great city. They were studies and stories of the poor, and they were made from close and actual observation. The little glimpses into secluded households are often vivid in the extreme. We refer particularly to the story of Jane Lewson, who lives with two

From Photo by] SITTING ROOM AT "FROGNAL END." *[Fradelle & Young.*

From Photo by [*Fradelle & Young.*

THE APPROACH TO SIR WALTER BESANT'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

prematurely withered and strongly Calvinistic sisters in a smoky Islington square:

"Miss Sarah, in her twenty-seventh year,
Knew not the warmer passions of her sex,
But groan'd both day and night to save her soul;
Miss Susan, two years younger, had regrets
Her sister knew not, and a secret pain,
Because her heart was withering—whence her tongue
Could peal full sharp at times, and show a sting;
But Jane was comely—might have cherish'd hopes,
Since she was only twenty, had her mind
Been hopefuller. The elders ruled the house.
Obedience and meekness to their will
Was a familiar habit Jane had learn'd
Full early, and had fitted to her life
So closely, 'twas a portion of her needs.
She gazed on them, as Eastern worshippers
Gaze on a rayless picture of the sun.
Her acts seemed other than her own; her heart
Kept melancholy time to theirs; her eyes
Look'd ever unto them for help and light;
Her eyelids droop'd before them if they chid.
A woman weak and dull, yet fair of face!
Her mother, too, had been a comely thing—
A bright-hair'd child wed to an aged man,
A heart that broke because the man was hard,—
Not like the grim first wife, who brought the gold,
And yielded to his melancholy kiss
The melancholy virgins. Well, the three,
Alone in the world, dwelt in the house
Their father left them, living by the rents
Of certain smaller houses of the poor.
And they were stern to wring their worldly dues—
Not charitable, since the world was base,
But cold to all men, save the minister,
Who weekly cast the darkness of his blessing
Over their chilly table."

Whoever will read this passage will see the best and the worst of Buchanan. He is very fluent, he feels strongly, he hits sometimes on an admirable phrase, and there is atmosphere about his work. But his verse is too fluent, an element of the unpoetical and the commonplace is there. It is very doubtful whether, even at its best, it is among the things that endure. For some years Buchanan held a high position, and his every utterance received unusual consideration and respect. But the reader who goes on with the subsequent book finds the spiritual turmoil increasing—the rebellion, the fury, and the bitterness. There is an element of savagery in his "North Coast and other Poems." That Buchanan had unusual troubles to face in his literary career is altogether untrue. Never had a young man better prospects and better friends. To Alexander Strahan, his publisher, he owed much, and very much. This he was not ashamed to confess at one time. He made his troubles. He was his own enemy, and probably the growing unrest of his mind, an unrest which showed itself more and more distinctly as he went on writing criticisms, helped to make him the man he became. He held his ground, however, as a person to be regarded till, in 1871, he published his famous attack on Rossetti, entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry." It is impossible to doubt, though it is hard to believe, that this article saddened the rest of Rossetti's life. The testimony is too strong for anyone to contest it. What has not been recognised is that the article completely ruined Buchanan. It made him a confirmed mutineer. It is wonderful that he should have fought his battle with the universe through thirty long years, but somehow he did it.

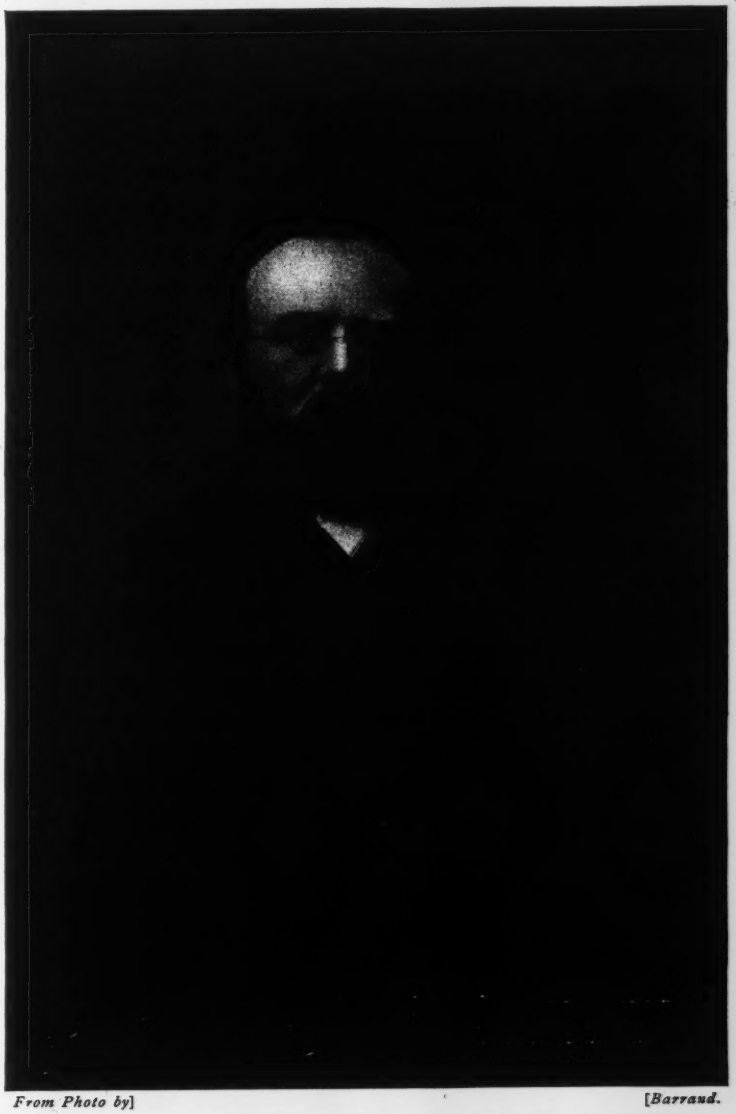
The article in itself is insignificant to the last degree. Whatever may be the fate of Buchanan's poetry there can be no doubt that his prose is dead. Indeed, it hardly ever lived. He had much ability, but, on the whole, his prose was bold, brazen, careless, bumptious, spiteful, while often it descended to the merest twaddle. Buchanan had something of a case against Rossetti, but he did not know how to put it. Nor was he a man entitled to pose as a moralist. In a later libel case the judge said, very truly, that the attack upon the fleshly school was couched essentially in a fleshly tone. The circumstances of the publication were eminently discreditable. The paper was published in

From Photo by [*Fradelle & Young.*

"FROGNAL END," SIR WALTER BESANT'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

the *Contemporary* under the signature "Thomas Maitland." Shortly after its appearance, the *Athenæum* announced that Mr. Sidney Colvin was preparing to answer it, and revealed the author's name. Mr. Sidney Colvin made a stinging reply. He had no intention of answering. There was "nothing instructive about these strictures, except their authorship." "Among singularities of the pages in question you have observed the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan among somewhat more familiar names introduced for damaging comparison with the objects of attack. You learn, to your edification, that the same Mr. Buchanan is himself the author of this spirited performance, only he has been too modest to acknowledge it, and has had the happy thought of delivering his thrust from behind the shield of a putative Thomas Maitland. Still, what then? Do you prepare an answer? Rather you stand off, acknowledging it out of your power to accost Mr. Maitland-Buchanan on equal terms. You admire his ingenious adaptation of the machinery of candour to the purposes of disguise. You inwardly congratulate a pertinacious poet and critic on having at last done something which your friends may quote concerning him, and you feel that his achievement need only be known to be appreciated." Buchanan wrote: "I cannot reply to the insolence of 'Mr. Sidney Colvin,' whoever he is," and declared that he wrote the article, but had nothing to do with the signature. He appealed to the publisher of the *Contemporary* to corroborate him, "as he is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression of my own name." Unfortunately the publisher of the *Contemporary* had written to say, "You associate the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan with the article 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' by Thomas Maitland in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. You might, with equal propriety, associate with the article the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert." Rossetti made a long reply, entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," which is republished in his collected works. It turned out that Buchanan's name was suppressed by the publisher, not through an inadvertence, but through his own expressed motion and desire, urgently reiterated. It was years before the passions aroused by this struggle subsided, and in 1876 they culminated in an action brought by Buchanan for libel against the *Examiner*. He obtained damages, but paid for them very dearly.

After that he never recovered any real position. He wrote much—plays, criticisms, novels, verses, and obtained occasional successes. His native brilliancy and force never quite deserted him. Until very near the end there was some market for his wares. But he did nothing to redeem his early promise, and though he was ever ready for a fight, few cared to fight with him. It was not that his antagonists were afraid of him, not exactly because they despised him; it was because they pitied him.



From Photo by [*Barraud.*

THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF THE LATE ROBERT BUCHANAN.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FRANCIS LETTERS.*

A controversy like that respecting the authorship of the Junius letters must have many indirect consequences, and must call into existence a large amount of literature ancillary and collateral to itself. Such a consequence was the full biography of Sir Philip Francis by Parkes and Merivale, so valuable as a contribution to the history of Warren Hastings, such another is the present entertaining and acceptable publication, which would hardly have seen the light if no attempt to identify Francis with Junius had ever been made. To the Junian problem, indeed, it contributes nothing except Mr. Keary's able preface; but it more than justifies its existence by its pleasant exhibition of life and character in the familiar records of a knot of relatives during nearly half a century. The picture is altogether amiable and agreeable; the letters are just the kind to be eagerly sought after and printed by the antiquaries of five hundred years hence, but it is scarcely likely that they would have found a publisher in our day but for the spell of Sir Philip Francis, although they are principally from the pens of his brother-in-law, wife, and

* "The Francis Letters." By Sir Philip Francis and other members of the family. Edited by Beata Francis and Eliza Keary. With a note on the Junius Controversy by C. F. Keary. 2 vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)

daughters, and his own sardonic and acrimonious, though often affectionate, personality is but the thread upon which they are strung. Many of the best, it must be said, have already appeared in the Parkes-Merivale volume; but these will be as good as new to most readers of the present generation. The home letters from India of the brother-in-law, Alexander Mackrabie, to his father, are the most valuable contents of the first volume. They include one from the Cape when under Dutch rule (1774), which appears to have been a perfect land of Goshen for the abundance and excellence of provisions, and the hospitality of the colonists. On the other hand, "tradesmen of every rank cheat us egregiously." Francis himself writes a most interesting account of his interview with Pope Clement XIV., the impersonation of the tolerant and liberal Roman Catholicism which was beginning to prevail in the eighteenth century, and was so completely checked by the French Revolution. Mrs. Francis also claims a share of the first volume in her capacity as "grass widow"; and the letters of the amiable and unfortunate Lady Clive are worthy of her character as a friend and admirer of the feline race, a pleasing trait in the character of Francis himself. The contents of the second volume chiefly refer to domestic and social events: balls, jaunts, flirtations, costumes, elections for the borough of Onevote, saddened by an occasional bereavement, and once agitated by an elopement. They owe nothing to the Junius question except their existence in a printed form; nor does the Junius question owe anything to them except the summary of the case for Francis in Mr. Keary's introduction.

If this problem could be determined solely by external evidence, the claim of Francis would indeed be irresistible. When verses are found undeniably in the hand of Francis's cousin, Tilghman, directed to their address in the feigned hand of Junius, and another copy of the same verses, written at the same period and on paper of the same description, is produced in the genuine handwriting of Francis himself, the only escape from admitting the feigned hand to be the writing of Francis is to ascribe it to Tilghman, which, as Euclid remarks, would be absurd. Mr. Keary strengthens even this evidence by producing a proof of one of the Junius letters upon which a date is written, as the facsimile incontestably shows, not in the hand, be it feigned or natural, of Junius, but in the hand of Francis. It would be irrational to dispute that this proof had passed through the hands of Francis, and the inference that he was the writer as well as the corrector seems almost irresistible. Yet we scarcely think that Mr. Keary gives due weight to the objections to the Franciscan theory from the internal evidence of the letters as compared with Francis's acknowledged writings, and from their attacks upon his friend and benefactor Lord Barrington. When all is said, a literary gulf does yawn between Junius and Francis, widened and deepened by the letters from his pen now published, devoid as these are of indications of eminent talent, and full of idle predictions constantly falsified by events. The supposition that Francis acted as amanuensis for Earl Temple or some other eminent person in the background would seem reasonable but for the remarkable knowledge evinced of the internal affairs of the War Office, which can hardly be ascribed to any one not officially connected with it, while the passages which disclose it are not easily separable from the general text of the letters. On the whole the Franciscan theory seems to present fewer difficulties than the amanuensis theory: while no great surprise could be felt if the latter were some day to be established by the sudden discovery of some confidential document hitherto unknown.

The fact of Francis's connection with the letters, to whatever extent it may have proceeded, should at all events be now acknowledged as well ascertained, and made the basis of any further investigation. Something in favour of his authorship, or against it, might be established by a more careful examination of the style of his Indian official papers than they have yet received. Copious MS. materials for such an investigation exist in the India Office and the British Museum, and some of Francis's most important minutes, one with a remarkable reference to "The Wealth of Nations," only just published, are printed in the East India Company's selection of documents relating to Indian administration issued in 1820. It is only to be hoped that the critical faculty may not be allowed to remain entirely dormant. It is astonishing that a gentleman of Mr. Fraser Rae's wide literary experience should ascribe to Junius, merely on account of the signature, a letter on the affairs of Philip Thicknesse, most palpably the production of Thicknesse himself, as must be patent to any one acquainted with

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
"The Monk Felix." By Frank O. Salisbury. Royal Academy, No. 816.

"And, long, long, with rapturous look,
He listened to the song. . . .
And he would fain have caught the wondrous bird;
But strove in vain, for it flew away, away."
—Longfellow, "Golden Legend."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

the style of that bilious scribbler. Nor, on the other side of the question, did the late Mr. Parkes enhance his character for acumen by attributing to Junius sundry letters with the signature, "Irenarch," reprinted a few years after their first appearance with the name of the real author, a peaceable country clergyman.

We may mention, as a matter of curiosity, that we have seen a reference to Taylor's "Junius Identified" in a letter of Warren Hastings, written shortly before his death, attesting that he had never observed anything in his old enemy to warrant the supposition that he could have written the letters of Junius. It would have been strange if he had.

RICHARD GARNETT.

THREE BOOKS ON ANCIENT GREECE.*

The charm which ancient Greece exercises over the human mind seems to defy time. Centuries come and go, but of books dealing with Greece there is no end. Much in many of them must necessarily be trite, but in his present volume on "Greek Thinkers" down to about 450 B.C. (which is to be followed by two volumes on Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics and other sects) Professor Gomperz establishes a claim not only to the possession of exceptional knowledge, but also of exceptional freshness in the expression of it. His work, he tells us, "summarizes the labours of a lifetime," and it certainly exhibits throughout that ease and mastery which is usually the proof of long and painstaking preparation. There is no ostentatious display of learning, all reference to authorities being relegated to notes at the end, and the reader who does not know a word of Greek can follow the narrative with almost as much ease as a classical scholar. Nor can it be said that, even amid the stress of modern life, the study of Greek philosophy lies outside the range of all but specialists. The thinkers of Greece are, as this volume demonstrates, our intellectual forefathers, and although the value of their conclusions is often marred by the necessary defects of their *data*, yet the justness of their method, the clearness of their insight, and the brilliancy of their imagination have a lesson for all time. The atomic theory, for instance, as developed by Leucippus and Democritus has had far-reaching effects on modern science, and, in spite of its errors, is one of the most striking hypotheses which the mind of man has ever invented; when, again, Herbert Spencer says that "all things are in a ceaseless flux," he is only repeating the identical words of Heraclitus, and the old Ephesian is equally remarkable for his recognition of "the universal reign of law" and of the fact that "war" or "struggle" is the fundamental condition of vital progress; while no one can read the remarkable account which is here given of Greek Physicians without feeling how closely ancient and modern thought are linked together. It is, indeed, the great merit of Professor Gomperz that he makes this close and causal connection strikingly clear. He has at once the wide knowledge and the living sympathy which enable him to enter into intelligent and friendly relationship with these old-world thinkers. They are to him real men whom he understands and honours—pioneers working with indefatigable industry and rare foresight on that path of progress which, thanks to them, is easier for our feet. In his vivid pages they are re-animated for our instruction and speak to us with a living voice. The "dry bones" clothe themselves once more with flesh and blood, and are quickened with a new breath, so that we become as familiar with these long dead students as if they were living members of the Royal Society.

The difficult task of translating a work in which technical terms necessarily abound has been executed by Mr. L. Magnus with the assistance of the author, to whose "masterly knowledge of English" he expresses his obligation, in a manner which deserves high praise. Occasionally, indeed, the metaphors become a little mixed, as when we read (p. 223) that "the problem of matter had been stranded on the shallows," and in the next sentence that "it was a *cul-de-sac* from which there was but one possible outlet"; but in general the style is nervous, clear, and wholly unlike the ordinary diction of German philosophy. The one great defect which the book has is the absence of any "Table of Contents" such as, in a work dealing with many varied subjects, is indispensable as a guide.

In this respect, however, Professor Ridgeway's "Early Age of Greece" is beyond excuse. From beginning to end, except for the titles of the ten chapters into which it is divided, no guidance whatever is vouchsafed. The reader, who naturally expects something like a history of primitive Greece, finds himself suddenly immersed in a catalogue of the principal "finds" of Mycenæan antiquities, and then confronted by a chapter asking "Who were the Makers?" This chapter contains 724 paragraphs crammed with legendary, ethnographical, and antiquarian lore, through the mazes of which no ordinary mortal can find his way entirely undirected. Ultimately, if he can keep his head amid the mass of details which are heaped together in order to solve the problem "by the employment of the inductive method," he will find that the author wishes to prove (1) that Mycenæan civilisation was the work of a "melanochrous" race, who are identified with the mysterious Pelasgi, and (2) that the "Achæan" chiefs of Homer are members of an immigrant "xanthochrous" race which overran Greece, and which is closely akin to our own breed, having its origin in Central Europe. These fair-haired conquerors, with whom, it seems, the Philistine giants are also connected, brought with them the practice of cremation and the use of a round shield and iron weapons, while they are also responsible for "the appearance of labialism in Greek, a phenomenon hitherto not explained by philologists," and finally for the introduction of "safety-pins." The scholar who has watched a baby's toilette will here learn with interest that one of the chief instruments used in that mystery is at least three millenniums old, and was brought into Greece by some near relative of Agamemnon. Indeed, Prof. Ridgeway's account of *fibulæ* is almost fascinating, and everywhere throughout this volume the curious antiquarian will find much that is new and suggestive, but to the ordinary reader who desires to learn something about "The Early Age of Greece" it will prove certainly a puzzle and possibly a disappointment.

Of Mr. Shuckburgh's history of Greece it is unnecessary to say much. Every publishing house nowadays apparently finds it profitable to have a complete "series" of school-books, and the "Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges" needing a Greek history has now got one. It is handy in size, excellent in printing, and clear in style, while it is also adorned with some good photographs and maps. But such a book can hardly contain anything that is new, and the difficulties which must attend its composition are obvious. How, for instance, can anyone in four small pages (209-212) make clear exactly the same subject for which Professor Gomperz requires a large volume? Brevity in such a case involves obscurity. To say, for instance, that Leucippus and his followers "accounted for the origin of the universe by the combination of seeds or atoms" may be true, but can convey no information to an ordinary boy, while if the word "seeds" is taken in its natural sense, it is actually misleading. Nor can a record of Zeno, which is comprised in the statement that "he first pointed out the need of logic," be considered satisfactory or instructive. Still Mr. Shuckburgh's work seems quite equal to most similar histories, and much better than many of them.

T. E. PAGE.

* "Greek Thinkers." By Prof. T. Gomperz. Translated by L. Magnus. Pp. 610. 14s. net. (London: J. Murray. 1901.)
"Early Age of Greece." By Prof. W. Ridgeway. Pp. 684. 21s. (Cambridge University Press. 1901.)
"History of the Greeks." By E. Shuckburgh. Pp. 388. 4s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press. 1901.)

THE ROMANCE OF SICILY.*

For those who have read their Greeks and their Gibbon, Mr. Crawford does not exactly write. He addresses the general public, especially the American, which is fond of travelling, not well grounded in history, and accustomed to get its coaching, as it hurries along, from Baedeker. But in this kind the versatile story-teller shows to great advantage. His pleasant, lightly-moving style, always easy, never impassioned, has somewhat the effect of glazing in majolica ware; it burnishes the fine colours of romance. To the fortunate who, like oneself, have seen most of the cities and castles which he illustrates, Mr. Crawford's volumes are full of delightful reminiscences.

* "The Rulers of the South—Sicily, Calabria, Malta." By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. 21s. net. (Macmillan and Co., London and New York.)

They are rich with the spoils of time. And Mr. Henry Brokman's "hundred original drawings" which beautify these chapters have constantly a delicate vividness and sometimes a power that cannot be mistaken. On the whole, this seems a finer set of sketches than "Ave Roma Immortalis," and the subject in large measure is new to all but scholars.

Romantic in the handling, never simply classic in the Sophoclean sense, the long narration does not pretend to solve difficulties or answer abstruse questions. With packed phrases, it might have told us more, and perhaps made a stronger mark. In one or two points it is not quite up to date. Mr. Crawford

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"The Lady of Shalott." By Frederic Catchpole. Royal Academy, No. 400.

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

says that nothing of the poet Bacchylides has come down to us. But I have at my elbow as I write the volume containing a thousand lines of Bacchylides which was recovered in 1896 from Egyptian darkness. With the exceedingly doubtful but highly-coloured "Legend of Pythagoras," given here at length, no lover of old stories can quarrel. It is a mosaic not unworthy of the mediæval "Lives of the Saints." Nevertheless, when the author lays it down that the "Mysteries," Eleusinian or other, revealed to their adepts a purified ethics and a doctrine of immortality, one feels that he has put his trust in authorities who wrote before the science of folklore had thrown light on these problems. Even Döllinger, though not acquainted with what has been done to clear up the origin of myths and rituals, was confident in his "Heathendom and Jewry" that the Mysteries taught no secret dogmas, still less did they transcend the popular ethics. The progress of ethics was due to heathen philosophers, not to heathen priests.

In his first volume, Mr. Crawford gives us a readable selection from the well-known sources, and if he can persuade his American friends to verify his statements in Thucydides, Plutarch, and the rest, he will have done a splendid work. The names of the Dionysii, Dion, Timoleon, and Agathocles may be familiar, but their lives and deeds assuredly are not to grown-up schoolboys. Maps and plans make intelligible the many sieges of Syracuse, but above all the greatest, when Nicias met his fate and the Empire of Athens was broken. We could have wished for a larger page dealing with Empedocles at Agrigentum, where the Port still preserves his name. However, in all matters that touch upon philosophy, Mr. Crawford is modest, nor does he undertake a disquisition upon Sicilian poets, or artists, tempting as it must have been. Unless we have overlooked other references, Theocritus himself is dismissed in a line. Something more, but very inadequate, is given to Pindar; more still to Simonides. On the other hand, Verres and Cicero get a little too much.

The fact seems to be that Mr. Crawford, though admiring the Greeks, with whom he compares the Japanese in a striking paragraph, is by sympathy Roman, and even Catholic, to a degree somewhat unusual. His second volume brings this out in full day. Wherever he can, he throws in a benevolent word about the Popes. He thinks the Colosseum more impressive than the Parthenon—a strange feeling to many of us who have lingered day after day on the Acropolis, and left it with poignant regret. Again and again he returns to Rome, when we should have liked him to tell us about the exquisite, not Roman, scenery and heroes of Sicily. Instead of Vitiges attacking the Mole of Hadrian, we could well have enjoyed a description, now not extant, of the wonderful Cathedral of Monreale and the Cappella Palatina, which rivals it in golden mosaic. We could have ascended Ætna with the dilettante Emperor, and seen the sunrise from its cone. Or we might have had a chapter on the religious customs of the Sicilians, which are instructive though not always edifying. In the Island one feels that Rome is a long way off, and that the Greek, or even the Saracen, world is nearer.

The Normans and the Hohenstauffen occupy scene after scene as we move down through the Middle Ages, all brightly reproduced, as is natural when we are talking of our own kith and kin. The House of Hauteville—the Roberts, Rogers, Manfreds, and Conrads—Frederic II., St. Louis of France, Charles of Anjou, and the Sicilian Vespers—all these and more come flocking. With the Spaniards (who never did good to Italy) and Charles V.—singularly over-rated, as it appears to us, by Mr. Crawford's kindly pen—the story breaks off rather than ends. There is a sudden leap to our own day and to the Mafia, which is described from official documents, and doubtless with insight. Will these lively sketches persuade tourists to go farther South when they have visited the Temples at fever-haunted Pæstum? We hope so. But if Messrs. Thomas Cook would set up an office in Palermo or Messina—at present they have none in the Island—they would speedily quicken the trains and make the centre more accessible—and they need not ruin the romance of Sicily.

WILLIAM BARRY.

MR. CROCKETT IN TWO MOODS.*

Mr. Crockett has written several more exciting stories than "The Silver Skull," and at least two superior to it in technique and in the loves and humours of life, but none that is in the true sense of the phrase more of a genuine historical romance. But for certain Ouidaesque touches—and even these are perhaps not inappropriate—like "the swarthy fisher-folk of Adria" and "the red-lipped, saucy-eyed maidens by the fountains"—it comes very near the perfection of a compact melodrama. And such a compact melodrama a book of this kind ought to be, or it is an absolute failure. Mr. Crockett deals with an actual historical incident, the putting down of the Red Terror in Apulia by an Englishman, General Richard Church. Ciro the priest—by the way, his "red eyes" and his "seventeen murders" are insisted upon once too often, and with too aggressively Dickensian emphasis—and his Secret Society, and the cigarette he was smoking when he was executed, are all hideously fascinating facts. Mr. Crockett was bound to make a powerful narrative or a powerful melodrama out of the material at his disposal. It was unnecessary for him to perform the one task; if he was to perform the other, then Incident, Incident, Incident, was bound to be his cue. And so, from the moment when Isabella, who is Countess of Monte Leone in her own right, though she is ignorant of the fact, sees the chief of her house struck down by the agent of the "Silver Skull" Society in the midst of festivity, to the happy honeymoon time when she goes off with her dull-witted Scotch husband, Walter Cameron, and sees the mother of the Vardarelli sitting on the roadside and gazing at the head of Ciro "with a kind of holy joy on her countenance," there is nothing but blood and fire, plot and counter-plot. And this is all as it should be, because it is historically as well as luridly Italian. There is certainly not a dull page in the book; under the circumstances this is success. But it has much positive as well as negative literary merit. Mr. Crockett's powers as a descriptive writer—occupying a position midway between James Grant and R. L. Stevenson—stand him in good stead. There are some excellent battle-pieces, although the last stand of the Vardarelli is too long drawn out; and one siege-piece, a better than which it would be difficult to find in contemporary fiction. Then the three heroes of the story—the picturesque and "legitimate" brigand, Don Gaetano, the chief of the Vardarelli; the patient and masterful Englishman, Richard Church; and that modern "damn'd Iago," the Abbate Ciro Annicharico—are admirably contrasted. Strong in incident, Mr. Crockett is weak for once in the realisation of female character. The mother of the Vardarelli is a very conventional avenging angel; and the heroine, Isabella, although she acts her part well enough as an Italian "daughter of the regiment," going out with "the gay Vardarelli riders," plays the sweetheart very poorly. Even she, however, deserved somebody of more character than such a sobersides as Cameron, Church's aide-de-camp, whose ridiculously impossible jealousy of his superior officer is a blot upon Mr. Crockett's art. "The Silver Skull" proves that its author would make a most effective playwright.

In "Cinderella" Mr. Crockett is once more on his native heath, in the company of eccentrically single-minded ministers, of robust lads and lasses, of tyrannical, warm-hearted, and plain-spoken serving-men and serving-women, and thorough-going scoundrels. The story is as different as it well could be from "The Silver Skull," and it is at once more pleasant and more disappointing. One feels that in telling how poor Hester Stirling came by her own in the shape of a lover who is the son of a peer and a fortune in rubies which amounts to £10,000 a year, in giving us rich specimens of the "ranch" tongue of Megsy Tipperlin, Hester's nurse, and even in dwelling on the pull-devil pull-baker of Sylvanus Torphichan and Juno Chetwynd, Mr. Crockett "lets himself go," as he certainly does not in narrating the duel between Richard Church and the diabolic Ciro. On the other hand, "Cinderella" does not possess the very genuine plot interest of "The Silver Skull." It is somewhat incoherent; here and there it suggests—though the suggestion may be very unjust—the probability of its having been written hurriedly and in instalments to suit the emergencies of serial publication; and it is too crowded with characters. Hester Stirling is a good contrast to the artificial and selfish but not wholly bad Torphichan girls, but she is not so full-blooded as some of her author's other creations; and Cyrus Darroch, although he is worth a score of Cameron in "The Silver Skull," is not a young Scotsman, but an English public-school boy. His father is a trifle too contemptible; David Stirling, Hester's mysterious father, is too Italian in his vindictiveness; and his father-in-law, though on the whole he makes a good scoundrel, is too aggressively oily. Nor can Mr. Crockett be congratulated on the manners of his aristocratic society. All the same, "Cinderella" as an old-fashioned yet vigorous story of poetic justice will be appreciated by other than Scotch readers. Megsy Tipperlin, too, the careful watch-dog, is a valuable addition to Mr. Crockett's gallery and to the portraiture of disappearing Scottish "types."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "The Silver Skull." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1901.)
"Cinderella." By S. R. Crockett. (London: James Clarke and Co. 6s.)

Frontispiece. "War's Brighter Side." (Pearson.)

WAR'S BRIGHTER SIDE.*

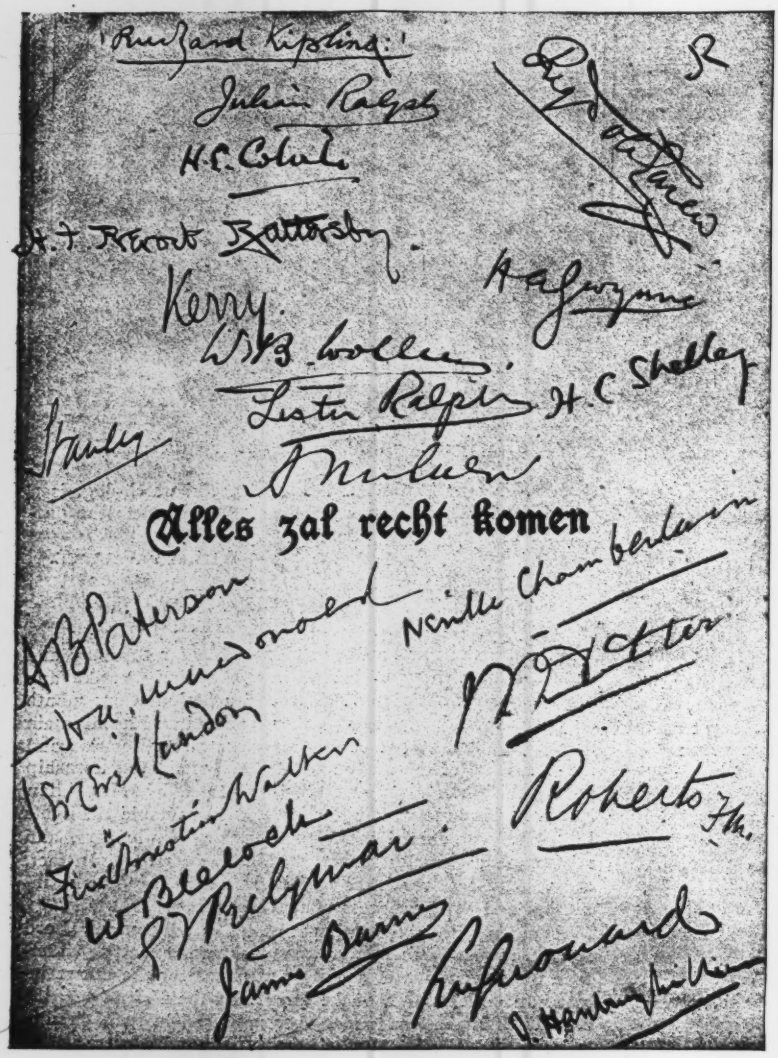
Although the war has been responsible for so many and such a wide variety of books, this is entirely unlike any other it has yet occasioned. It covers a period of one month only, from the date of Lord Roberts' entry into Bloemfontein to the commencement of his march towards Pretoria; and the social life of the army and of the surrendered township during this interval is succinctly presented by Mr. Julian Ralph in his breezy, familiar style, with valuable sidelights in the way of official proclamations, reports, leaders, and miscellaneous articles reprinted from the *Friend*. In fact, the volume resolves itself mainly into a history of the inception and early progress of that remarkable journal.

Two days after the occupation of Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts requested certain of the war correspondents to undertake the publication of a daily newspaper for the entertainment and information of the army, and the *Friend* was the result. It is the first paper ever produced in such circumstances, and Mr. Ralph was happily inspired when he com-

* "War's Brighter Side." By Julian Ralph. 6s. (Pearson.)

piled this fitting record of so unique an enterprise. The only feature of the book one sometimes wishes away is the author's liberal, not to say generous, use of superlatives; all his gods are great gods, no blot from their pens but is a diamond, and every word that falls from their lips is an authentic pearl. This is an amiable habit, a weakness in the right direction certainly, but too much of it gets a little irritating. The editors of the *Friend* were Messrs. Ralph, Perceval Landon, E. W. Buxton, and H. A. Gwynne, of the *Daily Mail*, *Times*, *Johannesburg Star*, and Reuter's Agency respectively. Soon after the paper started Mr. Rudyard Kipling joined the staff, and for a great week or so shared in the editorial labours. The contributions of the editors bulk largely among the selections reprinted, they having of necessity written most of each day's paper, and their joint and irresponsibly humorous "Kopje Book Maxims," Mr. Ralph's imaginary and real correspondence with "Miss Bloemfontein," Mr. Kipling's delightfully satirical "Fables for the Staff" and his several characteristic poems, with the leaders and descriptive articles of the other editors and of divers occasional contributors, to say nothing of the many and often capital poems furnished by the "Tommies" themselves, make a body of reading that is alive with interest and inner significance wherever you may touch upon it. Perhaps the finest and most vivid bit of writing is Dr. Conan Doyle's "A First Impression," a strikingly realistic picture of the march of Smith-Dorrien's war-worn brigade into Bloemfontein.

The book is illustrated with some admirable photographs, and with facsimile reproductions of a page of Conan Doyle's "copy," and a corrected proof by Kipling, whose marginal notes amply corroborate Mr. Ralph's amusing records of the trouble the editors had with their Dutch compositors.



Fourth Page of Menu. "War's Brighter Side." (Pearson.)

MR. SAVAGE LANDOR IN CHINA.*

Whatever shortcomings Mr. Savage Landor may have, as a writer he is always piquant. In these two sumptuous, well-illustrated volumes we have the most complete history of the campaign in the Far East yet put together. The writer landed in Tientsin at the close of the fighting and marched with the Allies to the relief of the Legations. It was his good fortune to be the first European to set foot within the Forbidden City and to ride side by side with the Russian Commander and receive the ceremonious salute of the British General, who, a day or two before, had refused him permission to be present at that historic function. The best description of the palace interiors at Peking and the suburbs, within reach of English readers, is to be found in the latter half of Mr. Savage Landor's book. It is strange to learn that these jealously guarded shrines of Oriental prerogative are lit by electricity, and to be told that the installation was successfully carried out by Chinese workmen who had been specially trained for the purpose, as no Europeans could be admitted within the sacred precincts. This enterprising observer is not always a consistent historian. He argues that whilst looting as between civilised Powers is reprehensible, such practices are perfectly innocent in dealing with the Chinese; he furthermore declares that practically little or no looting was done by the Allies, the Boxer locusts having swept the country beforehand; whilst in describing the march through the palace he says an attempt was made to break open the locked boxes containing the Emperor's knick-knacks, and a European officer actually took a necklace of jade and amber from the person of a custodian of the palace, and Sir Robert Hart's effort next day to secure its return was unavailing. It seems a sufficient amount of looting was done at Tientsin to give Mr. Landor the data for a philosophical narrative of the various forms into which the passion for loot is differentiated by race and nationality. The American soldier cares for silver ingots, the British for bits of silk for his sweetheart, the Japanese for a silver watch, the Cossack for a musical box, whilst the Sikh is quite indifferent to costly furs. Mr. Landor found it strange to hear looted musical boxes producing their European melodies amidst smouldering ruins and blackened corpses at Tientsin, and in the Emperor's Palace at the metropolis.

This famous traveller is not altogether trustworthy when he gets off his own ground; perhaps his intrepidity betrays him. The Chinese god of war is really a hero of early Chinese history, and whilst Buddhism in China is ready to incorporate the most promiscuous forms of idolatry, it is an entire mistake to speak of Kwan Tai as "a Buddhist Deity." The ancestral shrine of the reigning dynasty is described as a "pagoda," a name quite inapplicable to such a structure. Indeed, Mr. Landor seems to have Buddhism on the brain, possibly an effect of his terrible treatment at the hands of the llamas in Thibet. The Boxer movement he thinks Buddhistic in its origin and organisation, a theory for which there is neither established fact nor probability. Buddhist

* "China and the Allies." By A. Henry Savage Landor. Two vols. 30s. net. (Published by William Heinemann.)

monasteries are nests of the langour and nasty ineptitude produced by sensuality and opium-smoking, and for that reason, the life-respecting traditions of Buddhism apart, are not likely to have been head-centres of murder and insurrection. Is Mr. Landor serious when he tells us that on a journey in the north-west provinces, some years back, he prescribed washing for fifteen days in salt water to a poor leper whose hands had been wasted by the fell disease, and who, in a pathetic confidence in the healing skill of Europeans, had asked a remedy for his affliction? Let us hope that in giving this story the writer is only indulging his well-known vein for exaggeration, or that if the poor leper was mocked after this fashion it was only in a thoughtlessness for which after-regret was felt. All travellers in China ought to be thoughtful—thoughtful for those who have to follow in their steps and thoughtful also for the honour of foreign science. How European skill would suffer in the esteem of that particular village when the fifteen days were over and Mr. Landor was pushing his adventures elsewhere! This redoubtable traveller has already been reminded that the shambles and the charnel-house are not suitable places for work with a camera, and it would be well if he would accept another note of warning on the same line. If Chinese translations are attempted it is well not to reproduce the original Chinese script by photography. Those who have passed the smatterer stage in the study of Chinese literature are tempted to scoff. Mr. Savage Landor is daring as a traveller, and also daring as a linguist, and in this second capacity he is sometimes as unfortunate as in the first.

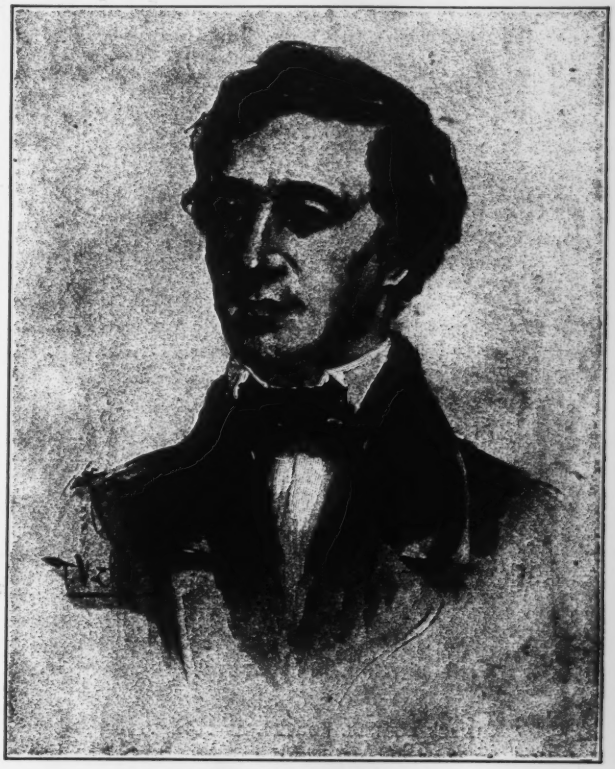
THOMAS G. SELBY.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.*

In these days when the tendency is rather for every man to be his own hero, it is distinctly refreshing to find in Mr. W. D. Howells a hero-worshipper of the genuine kind. Not that he blindly admires; he is discriminative to fastidiousness, but whom he does admire he admires whole-heartedly. Or did, for these reminiscences are principally of his younger years. That there are strait limits to his appreciations was perhaps inevitable; his sympathies are reserved for the recognisably great and, if one may be pardoned for saying so, the entirely respectable. He cannot (or could not) breathe happily, except in the cultured air of Boston and amidst the conventionalities of polite society. There was never a vagabond streak in him anywhere; the literary and journalistic Bohemians of New York simply repelled him. He tells how he went one night to a beer-cellar much frequented of such, but he seems to have gone very much as a gentlemanly explorer might venture into a land of raw barbarians. He was introduced to Walt Whitman in that cellar, but is evidently relieved that Whitman was not sitting in the noisiest corner of it. Later, he met another of that unconventional coterie, Artemus Ward, but not in the cellar, and his references to him are in the kindliest possible spirit.

When he comes among indubitably famous men whom he can look up to unhesitatingly, then Mr. Howells feels at home and expands into the most genial and informing of chroniclers. Nowhere making pretence to sympathies he does not possess, he is concerned only to set down the simple truth as he saw and heard it. He lingers enjoyingly over dinners and evenings with Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and always has less thought of what he said to them than what they said to him and to each other. These three had most of his heart, but Mr. Howells' wide circle of literary friends and acquaintances included Emerson, Whittier, Aldrich, Bret Harte, as well as numerous lesser contemporaries. Like the rest of mankind, he failed to break through the curious shyness of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of whom he gives a haunting little sketch, that vividly corroborates Holmes' incisive description of that recluse novelist: "Ah, well! I don't know that you will ever feel you have really met him. He is like a dim room with a little taper of personality burning on the corner of the mantel."

* "My Literary Friends and Acquaintance." A Personal Retrospect of American Authorship. By W. D. Howells. 10s. 6d. (Harpers.)



HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

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Interwoven with reminiscences of his friends is the story of Mr. Howells' own early struggles and later successes. These also he relates frankly and with a deal of quiet humour; he is not ashamed to tell of his failures, his mistakes, the snubs he had occasionally to endure; but these, and all he modestly recalls of himself, make merely a slight thread on which he strings his memories of others, so that unless you were aware of his high achievements as a novelist you would hardly guess at them from anything he has written here. The book, which is well illustrated with some eighty portraits and sketches, is full of gossipy information, and forms a really valuable addition to our knowledge of the literary history and the inner lives of the chief literary figures of America in the latter half of the last century.

MEN AND LETTERS.*

From Mr. Paul we get the expected. Not many people are competent to write comprehensive common-sense judgments on Men and Letters, though most critics can repeat commonplaces. What saves Mr. Paul's criticisms from the charge of commonplace is that he sees his subjects in perspective, and not as flat surfaces to be checked and measured. With great energy Mr. Paul addresses himself to giving a fair comprehensive summary of the whole figure before him, and his essays, if they do not show much original insight, by their catholic acceptation of the "general view" have a certain breadth which is pleasing. That Mr. Paul's sympathies are not limited can be judged by his sympathetic papers on Swift, Macaulay, and Matthew Arnold. That Mr. Paul's thought is at times acute may be seen by his paper on the Philosophical Radicals—Roebuck, Mill, Place, Molesworth, and Grote—a paper in which the characteristic defects of the Radical temperament of the fifties is hit off with some niceness. There is a very sensible criticism of Sterne, and an able, if slightly acidulated, summary of Gibbon's Life and Letters; moreover, the essay on the Victorian Novel is eminently suited to the English taste.

* "Men and Letters." By Herbert Paul. 5s. net. (John Lane, London.)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AT FORTY.

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And greater praise no English critic will require. We would, however, expound this praise by adding that Mr. Paul, though qualified by his alert and well-trained intelligence for critical work, shows some deficiencies in æsthetic taste. What a curious bluntness of taste is revealed by the following pronouncements of Mr. Paul:

"'Cæsar,' says Mommsen, 'is the entire and perfect man.' Such a judgment lacks distinction, and might, by an unfavourable critic, be called crude. Mr. Makail says with more effect, because with less violence, that 'the combination of literary power of the very first order with his unparalleled military and political genius is perhaps unique in history.'"—p. 55.

Good heavens! "Combination—literary power—first order—unparalleled military and political genius—unique—history"—that this string of commonplaces should rank above that deep and pregnant criticism, "Cæsar is the entire and perfect man," shows that Mr. Paul can never have grasped Cæsar's greatness, or, indeed, have looked at Cæsar's head, in any sculpture gallery, with the seeing eye, or he would have "apprehended" Mommsen's meaning. Similarly Mr. Paul gives us a curiously blunt dictum on Swift's poetical powers:

"But those who deny the title of poet to Swift must deny it also to Pope. They stand and fall together. Pope was Swift's avowed model. He never, he said, could read a line of Pope's without wishing it were his own."—p. 281.

Swift and Pope as poets "stand and fall together"! Surely this is the naivest criticism. No doubt Swift and Pope both held the eighteenth century ideal of poetry, and no doubt Swift tried to attain to Pope's rank; but that we must deny the title of poet to Pope because Swift failed utterly to elaborate for himself a style that was not essentially prosaic, this is a most arbitrary decision. We pass on, however, to another point of critical taste, which is, perhaps, more debateable. Speaking of the Classical Poems of Tennyson, Mr. Paul says:

"'Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.'

"This is surely one of Tennyson's most magical feats of poetical compression. Far more finely and completely than Horace's *pulvis et umbra sumus*, it expresses the idea of death common to Horace and Homer."—p. 8.

Now to us Tennyson's lines, beautiful lines as they are, seem essentially *modern*. It is only the modern brain looking back at antique life, and striving to make it living by the *picturesque* faculty, that could prefer the picture contained in Tennyson's eighteen words to the idea in Horace's four words. Yet Mr. Paul assures us that Tennyson's "idea of death" is "more fine and complete" than Horace's. Truly this is the age of modernity. Mr. Paul, indeed, is "modern" in the sense of not wishing the actual life of his own age to be recorded except in the terms of the literary recipes that please him. We have some girding at Ibsen, and Mr. Gissing is commended thus: "A little more romance, a little more poetry, a little more humour, and Mr. Gissing would be a very great writer indeed" (p. 155). Well, well, no doubt this is criticism, for the judges are many, and criticism, we know, may be judgment of any sort.

THE FOUR GEORGES AND WILLIAM IV.*

Mr. Justin and Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy appear to dissent widely from Lord Beaconsfield's dictum that "England is a great Asiatic Power." At first sight this may appear otherwise; the reader may even be dismayed at observing forty pages of vol. 3 devoted to the history, principally the trial, of Warren Hastings. But should he refer to the index to ascertain how much more information of the same nature he will be required to absorb, he will be relieved, if amazed, to discover that in vol. 4 there is no reference to India whatsoever; that, save for an occasional and casual allusion, Indian history after Warren Hastings is for the writers and readers of this history a total blank. The colonisation of Australia has been deemed an event of some importance; but Australia is as entirely absent from the index as India is. Napoleon at first seems about to fare better. Chapter 62 is actually headed "Napoleon Bonaparte," but after five pages, save for the most casual allusions, Napoleon is as much out of sight as though he had never existed. Clever and intelligent men like the Messrs. McCarthy must be aware that this is not the way to write history. They must know that their work is not really history, but is a series of dis-

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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quisitions upon such historical episodes as happened to strike their fancy. From this point of view it deserves praise; the style is easy and graphic; the general fairness and modera-

* "A History of the Four Georges and of William IV." By Justin McCarthy and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Vols. 3 and 4. (Chatto and Windus.)

tion, the authors' political opinions considered, most creditable; it is well adapted to beget or foster curiosity respecting the extensive domains of history upon which the writers have not thought proper to enter. As a stimulus to the study of more complete and exact histories, the book may be of service; in so far as it may be accepted as a substitute for such works, it can only be mischievous. It has too much history to pass as biography, and too little to pass as history. It is something in its favour that it is remote from the crammer's point of view, and for merely examination purposes will be found a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW FANCIES.*

"Sleeping Beauty" is a pleasant, a gracious, and an eminently sensible little book of essays. Though poetry and romance and idealism and such-like themes have inspired it, we recommend it confidently to practical men and women of the world, for its spirit is very timely; it deals with their point of view and with that of their neighbours, which they should understand. The questions are dealt with as they affect us here to-day. And though written by a romanticist, the book does not disparage the "practical" folk unduly. The sum of it all is wonderfully enlivening, and while it draws us along no labyrinths of thought, by its bright suggestions it sets us thinking on every other page. Perhaps the happiest of all is the title-essay, with its cheerful message to such as fear the passing of beauty from the world; that beauty is ever with us, yet never exists till it is discovered, till the fairy prince kiss it into life. And so let the discoverers not die out! The most substantial is that on "The Second Coming of the Ideal." The matter of it had need to be said in this clear, concise fashion in the hearing of many timorous souls to-day. While heralding the new uprising of a belief in higher things, and the already accomplished defeat of materialist philosophy, it does not fail to recognise what the new idealism owes to the brutal realism, the cold, hard courage of the sceptic of yesterday. Idealism will no longer, or need no longer, tamper with life, with facts —but accepting these, will still persist in soaring. It is worth while writing to-day such words as these: "The value of a man's idealism depends on the amount of ugliness it has been able to look upon and live. . . . If you will call yourself an idealist—may I ask how many hard and ugly things have you faced? How deeply has sorrow wrung you? Have you known the unutterable bitterness of death? Have you looked into the blood and vulgar face of war? Have you seen the cruel face of the sweater? Have you listened without a fear to the last cold words of science? . . . In the sweet cup you bring, have you thrown all the sours and bitters of the world, and has it yet remained sweet?"

Mr. Le Gallienne has not, of course, said the last word on the idealism of this or any day. Indeed, there is one side of idealism he does not seem to realise at all—and his book is all the pleasanter. For his message seems to be that provided a man have the faculty of seeing the steady good above the changing ill, in all places and all times he may be equally at home. A comfortable thought, but not a very true one. The popular phrases—a prosaic age, a prosaic country, express stern realities. And in his present pleasant mood he forgets the warrior idealist, who continually fights facts, or defies them, to whom the penalty of accepting them is death—an uncomfortable personage, but in very truth an idealist. Mr. Le Gallienne's aim, however, in writing his graceful essays has not been to exhaust a subject, but to set his readers dreaming and thinking in a healthy, good-tempered mood about the things that matter.

So far had we written when his book, "The Life Romantic," came into our hands. It is one of the pleasantest of his stories, not the most remarkable, but very comfortable, and a curious comment on the volume we have just been speaking of. The hero loves a lad who is all-absorbed in ideal things. She calls for him when she wants him, but is too ideal to marry him. He serves her ideally for many years, years during which he has had tremendous literary aspirations, has outworn his early Catholic belief, tried free-thinking, flirting, and much else to drown the emptiness of his heart. At last, he can stand it no longer. He finds food for his soul in rousing Nonconformity, and for his heart in a quite unideal but pretty bookbinder, who is very willing to give up her craft and marry him. There is much else in the book, among other interesting things a curiously honest confession of a literary hero's limited capacity for reading

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.
"The Keepsake." By Kate E. Bunce. New Gallery, No. 68.

"Then stepped a damsel to her side
And spoke, and needs must weep:
'For his sake, lady, if he died,
He prayed of thee to keep
This staff and scrip.'"
—"The Staff and Scrip," Rossetti.

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the classics. The wholesome and the commonplace claim this follower of the "life romantic" in the end—a happy, comfortable end.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ARISTOCRATS. 6s. (John Lane.)

The Lady Helen Pole went off to the Adirondacks to nurse her invalid brother, the Duke, back to health and vigour. Their presence was not unnoticed in the Adirondacks. Agreeable Americans wished to introduce their fellow-countrymen and women to the English visitors, and wished only to introduce the best. It was with this latter meritorious desire that Lady Helen and her brother fell out. They didn't like the best; and the Duke, who combined the mind of a man of the world with the crude expression of a schoolboy, said so brutally. Bertie, indeed, is generally quite unquotable, which is a pity, for he is apt. Lady Helen, who rather unusually, and, when all is said and done, un-

* "Sleeping Beauty, and other Prose Fancies." By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (Lane.)
"The Life Romantic, including the Love-Letters of the King." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

fairly, joins to a clear strong intellect, and a rare amount of solid cultivation, the barbarian ideal of her class and country in respect to such things as will and intellect, said the same wittily in her letters home, which are here reproduced. They told her that a "peculiar combination of brains, culture, and pecuniary success" was the hall-mark of the best "set" in America. The "best" played their most cultured plays before her, and she rounds on them, accusing them all of water in the blood, and uttering her desire for something stronger. Her notion of a man and of a literature is where there is room for "God and the devil to jog along peacefully side by side," and when she dares to say so to a most refined and highly popular author, she drags from him the confession, he is an "emasculated backboneless poseur to please the passionless women and the timid publishers of the United States." But her remorseless pictures of the women are the best. She says, of course, they painted themselves. She was only reporter. Said a woman novelist to her: "'I have had some very fortunate experiences since I wrote that [her last book]. . . . I have watched a love affair progress right under my nose, and I was visiting a friend of mine when her husband was accidentally killed. She was a wonderful psychological study in her grief,' and she set her mouth, as if overcome by the responsibility of her own brain." But Mrs. Laurence is our delight. "'I wish I could marry an Englishman,' she said, with her little pout. 'I have had so many offers from my own countrymen, but not one from an Englishman—I think it's too bad! Of course, I shall marry again. I'm so feminine, and I hate work. I am always so amused when the critics rave over my quick, brilliant style and verbal facilities; I grind out every sentence and hate the very sight of the paper. I want to marry a rich man who will pet me and leave me nothing to do but to be charming and to dress exquisitely. That is all a woman ever was made for, not to write tiresome books that other people think clever. Of course, I am glad I am such a success; but I'm sure I'd a great deal rather be you." The clever writer of these letters must have got himself or herself heartily disliked in America by this time, we fear. Let us wait for the return volley.

HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER. By William Le Queux. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The annoying and almost grotesque complication by which a loyal but too susceptible-hearted secretary of legation becomes enamoured successively of two female spies makes a thrilling story. We are not permitted to think too meanly of the young hero's judgment either; for one at least of the intriguers is really an angel of virtue and sweetness, and merely a victim of circumstances. How Europe escapes the throes of war, and the designs of clever villains, cleverly helped by villainesses, Mr. Le Queux tells with uncommon vivacity. The gate into the diplomatic circle is narrow and hard to open. Otherwise the adventurous-minded reader would turn his thoughts from buccaneering as tame and colourless, and aspire to the enthralling anxieties of the embassies.

THE GOOD RED EARTH. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Here is a book of Nature, with an idyll running through it. A true picture of the country in sunshine will, almost of necessity, have human beings crossing its foreground; but the figures will be subservient to the landscape. So Mr. Phillpotts' story of "The Good Red Earth" is, primarily, a word-picture of Devon's loveliness. "Nature painted with sunshine, with cloud-shadow, with her proper jewels melted in the crucible of space; and the foreground of this huge picture, though it seemed to sleep and smile, was in truth a battlefield—a chess-board whose squares were meadow and orchard, forest and fallow, and upon which five score busy farmers were playing the game of life." This is all realised; but the game of life is here the item in the big view. Sibella and Richard, the hero and the heroine, love one another, and their love is very pretty and alluring. Richard's mother is a fine, pathetic figure, widowed and courageous. The "Johnny Fortnight" passes from place to place carrying his pack and talking his theology. But it is always the background which counts. Historic Compton Castle, half-ruined and wholly picturesque, is the home of the heroine; the moors, the tors, the streams and leafy lanes are the scenes through which the villagers and the packman go upon their way; and where, since Thomas Hardy pictured an orchard for us, have we felt the meaning and beauty of apples and apple trees so fully as in Mary Gilbert's avenues of "quarrenders," "stubberds" and "bitter-sweets"? The book, though innocent of problems, is genuinely entertaining by reason of its shrewd observance of men and women, and its gay humour; but it possesses a fuller value in its loving observance of Nature, and its proof that a man may get even closer to Nature than to his fellow men.

THE ETERNAL QUEST. By John A. Steuart. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a book in praise of love and war. But the drum-taps in it are more continuous than the notes of the lute. Soldiers, a fighting Scotch minister, and a fledgling minister, who is saved from going utterly to the bad by rushing to the war, are its heroes; while its heroines, if they stay at home, are valiant-hearted, tremendously patriotic, and quite willing to reward the brave effusively on their return from fields of glory. The real hero of the story is the Highland Brigade; and its exploits at Magersfontein and elsewhere in the present war are spiritedly described.

THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. By Gwendolen Overton. 6s. (Macmillan Co.)

This is at once good as a tale of adventure and unusually good as a study of the struggle between civilisation and wild nature, of racial features and difficulties. The strife with the Indians, with all its unhappy incidents on both sides, its tales of treachery and heroism, is made tragically real to us in a series of striking pictures and narratives of the war of thirty years ago. The strange Apaches, valiant, incalculable, terrible; and the American soldiers sent to conquer them with every disadvantage, ignorant of the country, hampered by officialism, and insufficiently armed, are alike done justice to. But the main interest of the book is the half-breed Felipa, beautiful, faithful to her friends, knowing no duties to her enemies, savagely cruel to animals, and yet most devoted of wives. Miss Overton has tested our credibility in her heroine. But we believe, and are fascinated.

THE TOWER OF WYE. By William Henry Babcock. $1.50. (Coates.)

The good ship *Tiger*, sailing from London, in the seventeenth century, with a cargo of damsels, to be sold as wives to the planters of Jamestown, is overtaken by pirates on the high sea, and, to deter the pursuer by a show of strength, the women all dress as men and arm themselves as for resistance. In the subsequent fighting, a party of men, with some of these amazons, board the pirate, who is worsted, but, the two vessels parting company by accident, the *Tiger*, with only the narrator, Richard Smith, and thirty of the women aboard, loses its course, and finally strands them on a desolate island, from which they are not rescued until after they have suffered several thrilling experiences and one loss at the hands of savage invaders. Here be all the ingredients for a delectable romance, and Mr. Babcock uses them ably, but at times with too heavy a hand. The earlier pages "drag," as do many of those that follow the final landing of the destined brides at Jamestown; yet in spite of this verbosity and lingering over detail, characteristic no doubt of the period at which it is supposed to have been written, the book is fresh and eminently readable.

MRS. GREEN. By Evelyne Elsye Rynd. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

We do not assert that Miss Rynd is a humorist, because to proclaim a humorist nowadays and abide by the results requires courage beyond the average. But we affirm that she has written a humorous and thoroughly enjoyable book; and that she has provided a couple of hours of undiluted pleasure for each person each time he or she reads it. Mrs. Green, as the readers of the *Outlook* already know, is the wife of the rector's gardener, and she goes up to the rectory to do a day's charing when the family is "out of a cook" or "looking for a housemaid." Mrs. Green has been, as she puts it, "twist married," and "me first" was anything but an admirable husband. "But I forgive John afore 'e died," she said. "'E was always a bird of Paradise, 'ere to-day an' gone to-morrer.

It wasn't no good a-layin' up o' things agin such a one as 'e." Still, marriage was not an altogether undesirable state in her opinion, we gather, though she tries to comfort the narrator, "Miss Meary," on her disappointment. "An' so Miss Mildred's a' beat you, miss," she said thoughtfully. "Two years younger nor you, ain't she? Ah! two years makes a lot o' difference in looks, so it does. Well, we've often wondered in the village how it would be." "I don't want to marry," said I. "An' quite right, too, miss," said Mrs. Green approvingly. "Never want what you can't 'ave, an' then you'll be 'appy." "That's not exactly it," I said uncertainly. "Near enough, I expec'," said Mrs. Green. In the last chapter "Miss Meary" says "good-bye" to Mrs. Green to come to London, "a-leavin' of a nappy 'ome for to set an' scribble in a nicy bedroom helsewhere!" as Mrs. Green expressed it. But without obeying Mrs. Green to the letter in the matter of work—"take me hadvice, miss, an' fight again' it"—we hope "Miss Meary" will take holiday sometimes and go back to the village to chronicle again for us.

ONE OF THE LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

"Constance Cast Adrift." By Fred Stead. Royal Academy, No. 542.

"Sothly the commander of that (ship) was He
That from the tempest ay this woman kepte,
As well when she awok as when she slepte."
—Chaucer, "The Man of Lawe's Tale."

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JACK RAYMOND. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Readers of "The Gadfly" must feel some measure of disappointment with Mrs. Voynich's new story, though "Jack Raymond" is far above the general level of the fiction of to-day, though it is poignantly real at times, and written with unvarying ability. Their complaint will probably be that it ends in a fizzle. At least, we must doubt if she quite knew what to do with Jack, after pulling him through his terribly wild boyhood. It may be, however, that her ending is subtly skilful, suggesting to us that we have not yet done with Jack; that we had better keep him in mind, for he may reappear and compensate us for our anxieties on his behalf. If Mrs. Voynich had been bent on romance, she would have made Helen Mirski train him as a fighter in the great war in which her husband fell, and we should have seen him striving against the cruelties and despotism of Siberia. Perhaps she is phrenologically right in her choice of his career. But an end that shows him merely baffled, his sister's child a victim to the disease he has striven to master, and disclosing by his features in death the identity of his father (the betrayer of Jack's sister), with one whom Jack has sworn a solemn oath to protect and cherish—such an end is to the ordinary reader exasperating. Yet after all it is the boy, not the man, that makes the book. The hero's childhood is described with a terrible, too terrible, reality; and it needs all Mrs. Voynich's power to make us forgive the horrors. But she has wonderful insight into an ill-used boy's heart; and the description of the awakening of his soul in that moment when he let the mavis go free over the moorland is unforgettable.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE LADY. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This would be a first-rate story if there were not so much of it. The plot, though somewhat improbable, is ingenious and full of interest, but it is too often losing itself in meandering by-ways of conversation that are always brightly written but not always necessary. The characterisation is clever, but, with the exception of Hilary and Quentin, the curious mob of persons so casually collected as hostesses and guests at the ruined Abbey seem to fall just short of being real men and women; they are stagey and artificial in action, and most of them have a habit of speaking to and of each other with a blunt candour that may be smart and even honest, but is certainly offensive. Mrs. Crowninshield writes attractively, however, and with such vivacity that with all her native tendency to diffusiveness, which she would do well to curb, she is never dull.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND THE BIBLE TRUE? By the Rev. Hugh McIntosh, M.A. 9s. (T. and T. Clark.)

Mr. McIntosh's book belongs to that class of apologetic treatises that makes one despair of theology. Evidently he is a clever, energetic, and laborious man; but he lives on the ground-floor and does not see beyond his own garden wall. Were he to go up to a higher point of view from which a wider horizon might become visible, he would find himself unable to use the arguments he employs. He is essentially a controversial writer, and many of his answers to objections are mere clever evasions of the point, some of them mistaken interpretations. We can quite well believe that his book will be hailed by his own party as a triumphant refutation of error, but we greatly fear it will not bring conviction to any others.

THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION AND RECONCILIATION. By Albrecht Ritschl. The Positive Development of the Doctrine. English Translation. Edited by H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., and A. B. Macaulay, M.A. 14s. (T. and T. Clark.)

Ritschlianism has gained such a footing in Germany, and its influence is becoming so distinctly discernible in English-speaking countries, that some acquaintance with this important development of thought is absolutely necessary for everyone who wishes to understand the age in which he lives. But

Ritschl is not an inviting writer. The careful and persevering student has his reward in attaining not only a new theological point of view, but many profound and inspiring ideas; but it is only the few who can penetrate through the difficult style, and master the three large and closely packed volumes of his great work. A more wisely chosen service could therefore scarcely have been rendered to English theology than the translation of the most important part of that work. It is almost thirty years since the first volume was translated, and during this interval no scholar has ventured on the formidable enterprise of giving us the remainder. All honour therefore to the little band of Scotsmen who have not only discerned the want, but supplied it. Great care has been spent upon this translation. Executed by several hands, it has received exact revision by the editors. The difficulties of the German have been overcome in a remarkable manner, and thoughts which in the original are obscure, and trains of reasoning which are hard to follow, become luminous and significant in the translation. Everywhere one gets close to the thought of the writer, and the language ceases to require attention. The public, in proportion to its intelligence, will be grateful for a difficult piece of work well done, and will show its appreciation by using what the skill and toil of the translators have placed at their disposal.

CHINA UNDER THE SEARCH LIGHT. By W. A. Cornaby. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Those who wish to know something of the Chinaman as a man and to see him in the environment of his own ideas and institutions will turn with peculiar interest to this unpretending volume. Mr. Cornaby writes from the missionary standpoint, and writes with humour, sympathy, and philosophic insight. Some of the chapters are valuable contributions to the sociology of the Far East, and will have value when the present crisis with all its questionings and agitations has become past history. The book marks a parting of the ways in its treatment of Chinese topics, being neither popular, nor strictly technical, nor yet impossibly comprehensive. The public is probably tired of panoramic views of the eighteen provinces, surveys of Chinese history from the time of the great Yü to the last sign from the Court at Si Ngan, and all the steps and etiquettes of mandarindom. Thoughtful people want to get below the surface of Chinese problems and to explore causes. Mr. Cornaby will help them. His selection of topics is limited, but his treatment of them is fresh, thorough, and of unwearying interest.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JULY, 1901.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MAY 15TH TO JUNE 15TH, 1901.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—The Corrections of Mark Diatessarica. Part II. 15/- ..... *A. & C. Black*

ANTRAM, C. E. P.—The Man, the Mummy, and the Fiery Cloud, 2/- ..... *Stockwell*

[A serious little volume, setting forth, among other matters, the importance of recognising, and living by, the direct word of God instead of a dead ecclesiastical authority.]

Century Bible, The. St. Luke. Edited by Walter F. Adeney, M.A. 2/- and 3/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*

[The third volume in this beautiful and valuable New Testament series. Each volume contains an introduction, the text of the authorised version, and the revised version annotated.]

GILBERT, GEORGE HOLLEY, Ph.D., D.D.—The First Interpreters of Jesus, 5/- net ..... *Macmillan*

[Dr. Gilbert in this volume, which he dedicates to the missionaries and Christian Chinese who lost their lives last year, writes in admirable detail of the teaching of Paul, John, and the minor writers of the New Testament.]

MACINTOSH, WILLIAM, M.A., Ph.D.—Rabbi Jesus, 3/6 net *Blackwood*

[A collection of addresses delivered to young men; in them the foundations of religion are treated of, with a view to helping those in doubt.]

"Philologos."—The Great Prophecies, 6d. net ..... *Stockwell*

[A thoughtful pamphlet on the prophetic portions of the Old Testament.]

PEMBER, G. H., M.A.—The Church, the Churches, and the Mysteries, 7/6 ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

[The changes and the tendencies of the times have inspired Mr. Pember to write fearlessly and with all thoroughness of the actual teaching and revelation of the Bible. In this volume he strives by diligent explanation and argument, drawn from the Bible itself, to check what he terms "a retrograde movement from Bible light to mediæval darkness."]

RUTHERFORD, WILLIAM G.—The Key of Knowledge, 6/- *Macmillan*

[A collection of sermons preached to Westminster boys in Westminster Abbey; twenty-seven discourses on such pertinent subjects as The Schooling of the Will, Impediments to Progress, Vigilance, Ideals, Magnanimity, and other appropriate themes.]

SMYTH, REV. J. PATERSON, B.D., LL.D.—The Bible for the Young, 1/- and 1/6 each ..... *Sampson Low*

[We have here two early volumes of the series which Dr. Smyth is writing for the use of schools and families—Genesis and Matthew. The work is clearly and simply done; the Bible being thoroughly elucidated to reach child-minds. The volumes are produced in two styles—paper covers and cloth binding.]

STALKER, REV. JAMES, D.D.—The Seven Deadly Sins, 1/6 *Hodder & Stoughton*

[A volume of the Little Books on Religion Series, edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Clear and forceful in its teaching, handy in form, and religious in the real sense of the word.]

NEW EDITIONS.

LUSHINGTON, REV. F. DE W., M.A.—Sermons to Young Boys, 3/6 *Murray*

[A reprint of the addresses delivered in Elstree School Chapel, to small boys. They are full of help and commonsense. Two new ones, On Prayer, and The Lesson from the Death of Queen Victoria, are added.]

MONTEFIORE, C. G.—The Book of Psalms, 1/- net ..... *Macmillan*

[In this edition we have the chapters dealing with the Psalms, taken from the "Bible for Home Reading." The clear descriptions given, and beautiful renderings included, make it most suitable for Jewish homes.]

SMELLIE, ALEXANDER, M.A.—In the Hour of Silence, 5/- *Melrose*

[A reprint of Mr. Smellie's spiritual and inspiring meditations.]

FICTION.

"AESCULAPIUS."—The Magnetism of Sin, 3/6 ..... *Greening*

[The real thing, the unscrupulous, unrelenting villain, saunters insistently through this novel. A shady side of life is shown, and distasteful scenes and characters are portrayed. The book is consistent throughout.]

ASHTON, MARK.—The Nana's Talisman ..... *Hutchinson*

BARR, AMELIA E.—The Maid of Maiden Lane, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

[A love story, with beautiful girls, fine young men, misdirected and suppressed letters, some deceit, and all the charm of American life and scene which Mrs. Barr knows so well how to use. The period is 1791, when America was rather intoxicated by freedom, and France was very much so by revolution.]

BARRETT, ALFRED.—The Golden Lotus, 6/- ..... *Macqueen*

["Paris again! Paris! The Queen of Cities at last! Twinkling, dancing boulevards and avenues, after brown, tussock-covered plains!" Thus the hero, after wasting time and money in the colonies! "Twinkling, dancing boulevards," forsooth! However, whatever the state of gravitation of Parisian boulevards, it is a fact that Mr. Carlton found mystery and adventure in the city sufficient to cause him to see many things in that fashion. A beautiful girl in the adjoining flat, cupboards, and a *cul-de-sac*, secrecy, danger, and The Golden Lotus—it was not altogether the peaceful state of life which in the first chapter Mr. Carlton found he needed, but it makes a breezy narrative.]

BATES, MORGAN.—Martin Brook, 6/- ..... *Harpers*
[An impressive story of American life in the time of the Abolitionist movement. Martin Brook is a strong, chafing character, dogged in matters of conscience, tender in matters of love. This is the third of Messrs. Harpers' dozen novels, which are all to deal with phases of American life. They appear to be admirably planned.]

BLEACKLEY, HORACE.—Tales of the Stumps. Illustrated. 3/6 *Ward, Lock*
[A group of cricketing tales, breezy and amusing; with the most exciting moments well treated by the artists as well as by the author.]

BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, JOHN.—A Vanished Rival, 6/- ..... *Cassell*
[A sensational story, exciting interest by its plot and mystery. A castle by the Lake of Geneva makes a good background, and the human emotions flung out, so to speak, and then tangled, do the rest.]

BOLAM, CECIL EDWARD.—A Little Child Shall Lead Them, 6d. *James Clarke*
[The story of a child's sufferings and influence, told with sincerity and simple effectiveness.]

BOONE, HENRY BURNHAM, AND KENNETH BROWN.—Eastover Court House, $1.50 ..... *Harpers*
[Gives an excellent picture of Virginia, of Southern ways and Southern life. The old story, of the young man who outlives the attractiveness of the married woman, and finds himself loving the girl, is told here with much freshness and force.]

CARREL, FREDERIC.—Paul Le Maistre, 6/- ..... *Long*

CHURCHILL, WINSTON.—The Crisis, 6/- ..... *Macmillan*

CREED, SYBIL.—The Vicar of St. Luke's, 6/- ..... *Longmans*
[There is more in this than lies in the author's name. The story deals with the subject of ritualism, as well as with other disturbing matters, and holds some tragedy.]

CROCKETT, S. R.—Cinderella, 6/- ..... *J. Clarke*

CROMMELIN, MAY.—A Woman-Derelict, 6/- ..... *Long*
[A woman awakes on a bench on the Marine Parade, Brighton, without a memory. Naturally enough this fact, sufficiently embarrassing in itself, leads to further embarrassments; and one learns that it is better to forget altogether than to remember too late. A readable novel, which should be a favourite at the libraries.]

DE LA PASTURE, MRS. HENRY.—Catherine of Calais, 6/- *Smith, Elder*

EMANUEL, WALTER.—"Me" and Some Others. Illustrated. 1/- *Sands*
[Humorous trifles, well sustained. The author need have had none of those qualms in his preface as to the wording of his subtitle, "A little book of fun." It is quite correct.]

FANE, VIOLET.—Two Moods of a Man. With Other Papers and Short Stories. 6/- ..... *Nimmo*

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GERARD, E. (Madame de Luszowska).—The Extermination of Love, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*

GIBBS, GEORGE.—In Search of Mademoiselle. Illustrated by the Author. $1.50 ..... *Coates*
[A vivid, romantic story of the days when the French and the Spanish fought for the possession of Florida. Mr. Gibbs tells his tale as a good painter might be expected to do, picturesquely, graphically, artistically. The lovers are an Englishman and a noble French Huguenot girl, whom we leave sitting "hand in hand, dreaming, and at peace."]

GISSING, GEORGE.—Our Friend the Charlatan, 6/- *Chapman & Hall*

GRAY, ANNABEL.—A Child of Art ..... *Simpkin, Marshall*
["Why was she not a Parisian grisette—this handsome Gemma . . . . ?" Whatever the reason, she lived in Leather Lane, London, and was an artist's model, and, after a life of considerable changes and chances, drove a man or two half-wild with love, and finally married a baronet. But "Gemma's was no ordinary beauty," and as for her mind!—"of a naturally serious and retiring disposition, she possessed brilliant gifts." This thrilling story proves it.]

GREENHOW, SURGEON-MAJOR H. M.—The Emperor's Design, 6/- *Digby*
[An Oriental romance with an English artist for hero, and an Afghan Empress and an English Ambassador playing Providence. The novel is interesting.]

HAMILTON, COSMO.—Impertinent Dialogues, 3/6 ..... *Arrowsmith*
[Touching lightly, but not too lightly, on the little weaknesses of the times. Many of the dialogues are on theatrical subjects; some are very frank; all are amusing.]

HARROD, FRANCES (Frances Forbes-Robertson).—The Hidden Model *Heinemann*
[The artist is introduced to us as he is painting the portrait of an elegant American girl with "eyes that were like sugar," to whom he says at intervals, "Ah, you are delightful!" "Ah, that is nice of you!" Later on his adjectives become more virile. His next model comes to him with her face "devastated by a haunting terror," and no wonder. Murder is dogging her, and the horror fills the book; but the artist is very trustworthy.]

HENHAM, ERNEST.—Bonanza, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

HUTTON, EDWARD.—Frederic Uvedale, 6/- ..... *Blackwood*

JOCELYN, MRS. ROBERT.—The Sea of Fortune, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[Lord Wovemore "had perhaps had less 'fancies' than most men," but he had the heroine for a daughter, and her name—as is so often the case with heroines—was Elizabeth. Elizabeth being the last of the Wovemore line was an important young person, and her choice of a husband a serious matter. The plot is of rather better quality than the composition, but it is a pleasant and readable book.]

LAIDLAY, W. J.—Lena Laird, 6/- ..... *Sands*

Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth, The, 2/- ..... *Unwin*
[The blood relationship between Elizabeth and "Dearest Mamma" is credible. "Dearest Mamma" is Elizabeth, only more so. Where Elizabeth touched delicately her mother leans heavily. There is too much Paquin, too much French, but the book may amuse.]

LEYS, JOHN K.—A Sore Temptation, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[Annie Estelle Campbell growing rather tired of the dulness of Lochalinehead, welcomed the chance of going to London to live with rich relations and see new faces. She saw, however, an undesired face, rather soon; the face of her father whom she believed to be (and who, for the general comfort, perhaps, should have been) dead. After a period of sensational life in London, Annie Estelle changes her mind on the subject of Lochalinehead's dulness, and returns, contented, with the hero. A very pleasant, improving novel.]

LINDSAY, MAYNE.—The Whirligig, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
[Mr. Bothfield was a plain man (in the inoffensive sense of the term). He was "born in Paris, breeched in Vienna, educated at Göttingen, and domiciled for varying periods in half the cities of Europe." He was, therefore, in fact cosmopolitan, by desire accounted an Englishman, a wanderer, a dabbler, "a frog of a man," and never a hero till he reached the age of forty-two. After that—! A simple desire, on arriving in Amalia, to eat the best-cooked macaroni *au parmesan*, plunged him into adventures and dangers as wild and desperate as any episodes in a mediæval revolution. We take Mr. Lindsay to be a comparatively new novelist, but he has here worked his material well; the development of the middle-aged hero is convincing, and his stirring into real life is worth attention—he attracts a considerable amount in the book.]

LLOYD, NELSON.—The Chronic Loafer, 4/- ..... *Heinemann*
[The Loafer, and his friends, the Teacher, the Storekeeper, and others, loaf, and teach, and keep store, and other things; and in their leisure moments—generously allowed by Providence—tell stories. The stories are Pennsylvanian, also good; they led to entertainment at the moment, they lead to amusement now; contentment, too, seems to have resulted, for at the end the Patriarch remarks, after hearing of English modes of life, "It should teach us a lesson o' thankfulness that we was born an' raised in a walley where folks is sensible—that is, most of 'em."]

Lover's Replies to an Englishwoman's Love Letters, The *Sampson Low*
[The "Englishman" had friends, it seems, as had the "Englishwoman," and these come forward now and offer to Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Company the opportunity of vindicating the lover's honour, by printing his own love-letters. From the "Englishwoman" herself we guessed that he might be a bore; for ourselves we opined that he might be bored; from these letters it seems that he was quite serious in his attentions and intentions, but was shocked on being greeted by her with "I am waiting for my love. Have you seen him?" with more to follow. It was the Doctor who said it would be unwise to keep up the correspondence. Anyone can see, now, that it was not the Lover's fault.]

LOVETT CAMERON, MRS.—Bitter Fruit, 6/- ..... *Long*
[It is a dangerous thing for a man to paint the portrait of the woman he loves unless she happens to be also the woman he has married. Harold Lyon made this mistake when he painted Anne Nerini. When, later on, he wished to marry Edith Adair, and his own painting of Anne was bought by a friend (so-called) for a wedding present, one understands the significance of the story's title; a bowl of poison would certainly have been less awkward of acceptance. The novel, of which this is but the barest outline, is written with Mrs. Lovett Cameron's usual facility and brightness.]

LYNCH, LAWRENCE L. (E. Murdoch Van Deventer).—High Stakes. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
[A long, thrilling tale of mystery, wickedness, and prophecy. Madame Cabanis in her purple room is thoroughly effective, as she sweeps about in "loose, flowing Grecian draperies," and tells fortunes; in her own words she "had made the fortune and saved the fortune of many men of mark in the business world." She plays desperate pranks in this volume undoubtedly.]

MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM, BART.—The Red Chancellor, 6/- *Ward, Lock*

MARNAN, BASIL.—A Daughter of the Veldt, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*
[A long, full story of veldt life, and of emotions which are common to all countries—love, and woe, and happiness; written in a detailed, easy style which gives the reader time to know and care for the characters.]

MARSH, RICHARD.—Mrs. Musgrave—and her Husband, 3/6 *Long*
[A sensational story of murder, love, persecution, and desperation, well sustained. In the end, when the officers of the law came in, there was "a strong scent of violets. A tiny tube lay close beside the bed upon the floor. It was squeezed flat. They had escaped man's justice." There are decidedly fewer persons at the end of the book than at the beginning.]

MEYER, ANNIE NATHAN.—Robert Annys: Poor Priest, 6/- *Macmillan*
[A sympathetic tale of the beliefs and doubts, and works and struggles of Robert Annys, pupil of John Wyclif, who from the master's teaching at Oxford went about the country, a "russet priest," to help and save the poor and those in extremity. There is romance in the story, and the necessary theme of love mingles with that of the Great Uprising.]

"MURHO."—Glendarroch ..... *Arrowsmith*
[Begins with flippant conversation between the heroine and her

aunt, and ends with a marriage announcement in the *Times*; but there are very serious affairs between, and at one time neither flippant conversation nor marriage announcement seems likely to recur or occur. A bright Scottish story.]

NOEL, THE LADY AUGUSTA.—The Wise Man of Sterncross, 6/- *Murray*

ORIENT, ALIX.—Tangles, 6/- ..... *Digby*
[A story, with no real beginning and no real ending, of the Game of Life; in which the onlookers are as real and as attractive as the players. There is good work in the book, and considerable charm.]

ORZESZKO, ELIZA.—The Modern Argonauts. Translated from the Polish by Count S. C. de Soissons. 6/- ..... *Greening*

PAYSON, WILLIAM FARQUHAR.—John Vytal, 6/- ..... *Harpers*
[Mr. Payson has set his romance in the almost untouched period —1587-1598—when a handful of English colonists lived on the island of Roanoke—that mysterious colony, off the coast of Old Virginia, the fate of which is unknown. There is little history in the book, but romance is rife.]

PIER, ARTHUR STANWOOD.—The Sentimentalists, $1.50 *Harpers*
[There is a good deal which is not sentiment in this book, and quite a considerable number of persons who were not sentimentalists; by reason of which we get an excellent tale of modern social life in Boston and Missouri. There are political struggles and tactics, "you're-another" interviews, a lady who has been likened, not unjustly, to Becky Sharp, and the real sentimentalists to round off affairs.]

PRATT, AMBROSE.—Franks: Duellist, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*
["Satan . . . is the scapegoat of five continents," says the narrator appositely, on the first page. Within limits "that devil Franks," the hero, ran him close. "Politicians should marry," says Pitt in the last chapter, "it inspires a confidence in their stability"; and the hero defers to the opinion of his superior. This is a quick, absorbing tale of French intrigue and English treachery. Of Prince George, First Gentleman of England, of Napoleon, Pitt, Tallyrand; of ladies, too, and duelling, and love. A good book.]

PRIOR, JAMES.—Forest Folk ..... *Heinemann*

RIDGE, W. PETT.—London Only, 6/- ..... *Hodder & Stoughton*

RODZIEWICZ, MARYA.—Distaff. Translated by S. C. de Soissons. 6/- ..... *Jarrold*
[A terse, picturesque tale of a veritable Russian "New Woman," who at seventeen declaims against the phrase "it's proper," and leaves home secretly for the University, taking with her her birth certificate and a hundred roubles. After several years of independence, comradeship, and the study of medicine, she makes a few conditions, and finishes "with a distaff like an average woman."]

RYDBERG, VICTOR.—Le Dernier des Athéniens. Translated from the Swedish by Mdlle. Calemard du Genestroux. 3 fr. 50 c. *Librairie Nilsson*
[Gives a stirring picture of Athens in the time of Julian the Apostate. A dramatic narrative of intrigue, and Christianity, and frustrated ambition.]

RYND, EVELYNE ELSYE.—Mrs. Green, 2/6 ..... *Murray*

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[Strong men are often broken, and butterflies are often preserved whole. There is something of this problem in Miss Smith's novel, well expressed and credibly presented.]

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STORY, ALFRED T.—Master and Slave, 2/- net *Brimley Johnson*
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[A story of love and farming, old secrets and fresh intricacies, in New Zealand. There are many touches that betray the amateur, and many more which give promise for the future. The author will do well to let herself go, to some extent, and forget old-fashioned models.]

WERNER, A.—Chapenga's White Man, 3/6 ..... *Chatto*
[An alluring story of Central Africa. Chapenga in 1886 was a "skinny, brown creature with a shock head, and his two upper front teeth chipped away so as to make a V-shaped gap"; he was spoil from a raid, he was clever, he was beaten, he was saved, and he was worth it. Chapenga's "White Man," too, is well worth reading about, but Chapenga, himself, is the book, and he finishes it in correct style by marrying a laughing girl with the name of Jerusalem, which, Carlyle and the author agree, is significant of much.]

WHISHAW, FRED.—A Forbidden Name, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[Two babes were exchanged, in a not uncommon manner, at the opening of this story. But the ordinary little complications ensuing in such cases were multiplied in this case, for the inaccuracy took place in a Russian fortress, and one of the infants was a royal prince. A sensational tale of the Court of Catherine the Great is the result. It is thrilling for the reader, if unsatisfactory for the prince.]

WILLIAMS, NEIL WYNN.—Lady Haife, 6/- ..... *Chapman & Hall*
[A large portion of this book is occupied with the trials and difficulties of those who wish to adopt another person's child, and the counter trials and difficulties of those who have children eligible for adoption. There is interesting writing in the story, and a strong first chapter.]

WYLWYNNE, KYTHE.—The Dream Woman, 6/- ..... *Unwin*

ZIMMERMANN, MARIE.—Lulu, the Fairest of the Prynnes, 6/- *Freemantle*
[The "fairest of the Prynnes" was what is termed a "handful." From the moment when she comes, alluring and jubilant as a lark, into the room, and annexes her sister's lover, she is not only sensational, but the cause of sensations in others—and in the neighbourhood. Incidents almost hustle one another, and the book is lively.]

NEW EDITIONS.

ADDERLEY, JAMES.—Stephen Remarx, 1d. ..... *Newnes*
[A reprint of Mr. Adderley's story of a venture in ethics, which met with approval and success on its first appearance.]

ALEXANDER, MRS.—Thro' Fire to Fortune, 3d. ..... *Leng & Co.*
[A new edition of Mrs. Alexander's breezy tale, in which the heroine is saved from a fire near the Edgware Road, and landed safely among the aristocracy.]

ANTROBUS, C. L.—Wildersmoor, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
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[English taste will agree with American in welcoming this cheap edition.]

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[A cheap reprint of Mr. Banks' realistic romance of the East-end.]

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[The first volume of Messrs. Blackwood's Library Edition of George Eliot's works. A soft engraving of the parting of Adam and Hetty in the prison forms the frontispiece.]

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[Among the numerous reprints of this novel which are coming to us, this in the well-approved Temple Classic series will be sure of a welcome. A portrait of Mr. Robert Evans, the novelist's father, and a sketch of the house where Mr. William Evans lived, are included as frontispieces.]

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[Continues the really admirable Warwick Edition of George Eliot's works.]

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MACLAREN, IAN.—The Days of Auld Lang Syne, 6d. *Hodder & Stoughton*
[An admirable example of what can be done in a sixpenny edition. The frontispiece is produced in good style.]

MEADE, L. T., AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.—This Troublesome World, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[A new proof of the popularity of this thrilling, well-sustained story.]

NORRIS, W. E.—Matthew Austin, 6d. ..... *Methuen*
[A good novel revived; one of Mr. Norris's best, at the levelling sixpence.]

PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Phantom Army, 6d. ..... *Pearson*
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PRETOR, ALFRED.—Ronald and I. Illustrated. 3/6 net ..... *Bell*
[A new edition of Mr. Pretor's clever sketches.]

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Guy Mannering. 2 vols. The Edinburgh Edition. 6/- net each ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
[The third and fourth volumes of this sumptuous edition, which deserves very high commendation.]

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[Continues this well-arranged series.]

STOCKTON, FRANK R.—The Hundredth Man, 2/6 ... *Sampson Low*
[An excellent cheap edition of Mr. Stockton's clever tale of Horace Stratford's search for the man who was to be his central literary character.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ADAM, VILLIERS DE L'ISLE.—The Revolt and the Escape. Translated by Theresa Barclay. 3/6 net ..... *Duckworth*

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BRIDGES, GUY.—Sea Verse, 1/- ..... *Elkin Mathews*
[At his best, Mr. Bridges has a very inspiriting way with him. "Breakers," "The 'Esmeralda,'" and "The Highway," to speak only of three of his poems, are well worth attention. It was a pity to finish the last-named, though, with that somewhat well-worn line.]

BRIDGES, ROBERT.—A Practical Discourse on Some Principles of Hymn-Singing, 1/- net ..... *Blackwell*
[Practical indeed. Mr. Bridges' pamphlet should not be neglected by anyone connected with Church music. He also carries his practicality so far that he has, himself, compiled a hymn-book—*The Gattendon Hymnal*—illustrating his principles.]

Dunbar Anthology, The, 1401-1508. The Cowper Anthology, 1775-1800. Edited by Professor Edward Arber, F.S.A. 2/6 each *Frowde*

[The first and tenth volumes of Professor Arber's admirable work, by which the best of our national poetry is brought within reach of all readers.]

FARWELL, C. J. W.—Poems, 3/6 ..... *Elkin Mathews*

["Life took a blank and wrote a history there:
Joys, sorrows, loves, and hopes had each their share:
Each mood left lines therein its power to show,
Some deep, some small, some forming fast, some slow.
Life worked for years and left a perfect whole,
A sad man's face in which there shone a soul."

Of such is Mr. Farwell's volume. His work displays unusual evenness of quality; it is smooth, true, and graceful.]

FREEMAN, JOHN.—Idylls of Arcadia, 3/6 ..... *Simpkin*

[A tale of the love and fame of Lucius and Amanda, told in blank verse. Near the end we read:

"And soon, 'mid festal rites such as the Church
Doth well provide, the loving twain
Were joined by holy bond to be as one
So long as life them did inspire."

And it was certainly the best that could be done with them.]

GARNETT, RICHARD, C.B.—The Queen, and Other Poems, 3/6 net *Lane*

GIBBS, WILLIAM ALFRED.—Silver Linings to the Clouds of Life, 2/6 *Elliot Stock*

[Sincere, homely verse, illumined by fresh thoughts.]

LEHMANN, R. C.—Anni Fugaces, 3/6 net ..... *Lane*

MACKIE, GASCOIGNE.—The Man of Kerioth, 5/- net ..... *Richards*

[There is good work in this small volume—sterling, sincere, unaffected work. "The Man of Kerioth" is dramatic and appealing. Mr. Mackie knows the value of words, and uses them with good effect.]

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[A pretty interweaving of poesy, botany, and graceful imagination.]

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